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The Shape of Things

IN ASSESSING THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE Battle of Midway we cannot, pending further details, go beyond the cautious claims implied by the official communiqués. On the known facts it is safe to say that a Japanese attempt to seize and garrison Midway has been thwarted and that a strong enemy task force has been compelled to retreat after suffering heavy losses. Nevertheless, it seems probable that the bulk of the Japanese fleet has been able to limp off beyond the limits of safe pursuit. This means we had at Midway or within easy call defensive forces strong enough to repel effectively a formidable assault, but we were not able to send into action the kind of offensive forces required for a "kill." The battle appears to have been in the main a contest between our land-based aviation and a balanced Japanese fleet including several aircraft carriers. These proved "cold meat" for our fliers, who attacked them so fiercely that the enemy was rapidly deprived of essential aerial support. Thereupon the Japanese battleships, which had perhaps remained in the background during the early stages of the fight, found it prudent to withdraw and succeeded in getting out of range of our bombers, though not without suffering some hits. It was at this point that we were evidently handicapped by inability to take up the pursuit with a swift and hard-hitting squadron of capital ships. Nevertheless, it seems likely that the punishment inflicted on the enemy, together with his losses in the rather similar Battle of the Coral Sea, have reduced his offensive power and brought nearer the day when we shall be able to count on effective naval superiority in the Pacific.

*

THE BATTLE OF MIDWAY HAS DEMONSTRATED the potentialities of land-based aircraft as a means of coastal defense so decisively that we can feel greatly reassured about the security of our long coastline. But by the same token we must expect to encounter grave dangers when our forces take the offensive against the Japanese bases. In their conquest of the East Indies the Japanese avoided this problem to a considerable extent by their tactics of hopping from one island to the next, and we may have to adopt their policy in reverse so as to insure for our fleet the protection of long-range land

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planes as well as a sea-borne air force. This thought may serve to curb the unjustified optimism of those who see the path to Tokyo opened by two partial victories. More sober considerations of the recent Pacific fighting suggest that we have still a long way to go. Nevertheless, there are good reasons for encouragement, not the least being the evident alertness of our present naval command. The review of the background of the Midway battle given by Admiral Ernest J. King, commander-in-chief of the United States fleet, in his first press conference since his appointment, made it clear that our naval intelligence has been operating successfully. But what is more important, it provided evidence that our naval and military chiefs have shown considerable imagination in anticipating Japanese moves. The attacks on Dutch Harbor and Midway did not take us by surprise, and as the outcome proves, we were well prepared to meet them. The dispositions that were ordered involved, as Admiral King pointed out, the taking of "calculated risks," but it is clear that the calculations were accurate and the risks well justified.

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JAPAN'S REVERSES IN THE PACIFIC HAVE been at least in part offset by continued successes in China. According to the most recent reports, at least five strong Japanese drives are under way in various parts of the country. The most serious of these is, of course, the Chekiang offensive, since success in this area would eliminate all possibility of our using China as a base for an aerial offensive against the Japanese mainland. In Chuhsien the Japanese have captured a first-class air field which had been prepared for long-range bombers. Other air fields doubtless remain in this area, but the Japanese have already seized the most convenient bases. Another Japanese drive in Inner Mongolia has as its purpose the cutting of the road between Russia and China via Urga and Outer Mongolia. The main Russian supply line through Lanchow is fortunately well beyond Japan's reach; but it is doubtful whether Russia can spare much material for China at this time. Responsibility for getting aid to China's hard-pressed forces rests almost entirely on the United States.

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WHEN THE BRITISH WERE BEING BLITZED night after night, Nazi propagandists complained that the stupid people didn't know when they were licked. Can the Germans now be counted on to display a similar fortitude under even heavier attacks than London and Coventry suffered? Britons were sustained by a blind faith that some day, with American aid, they would gain mastery of the air. The Germans on the other hand know that the long head start their Luftwaffe enjoyed has been lost and that with American production in the race they will never catch up again. The next few months will see the air fleets of the United Nations driving home this fact with ever stronger emphasis. The R. A. F. has already proved that there was nothing exceptional about the attack on Cologne. That raid merely opened an offensive which in its first week sent at least 3,000 bombers roaring over Germany. The Ruhr district—basis of German armed might—has had three visitations, and the often bombed ports and shipyards of Bremen and Emden have experienced heavy new blows. Of equal importance is the R. A. F.'s daylight offensive over the "invasion coast," which in the past week has been not only more intensive but more extensive than ever before. Swarms of British fighters accompanied by light bombers are crossing the Channel day after day, challenging the Nazi airmen and bombing every kind of objective. Among the targets are coast defenses, air fields, cantonments, freight trains, railroad yards, power-houses, and docks. Thanks to the R. A. F. and the Commandos, the French Channel coast is no longer a comfortable resort for tired Nazi warriors. Nor are their nerves likely to be soothed by British warnings to French residents to evacuate the coastal zones, which will "become more and more a theater of war operations."

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A PASTORAL LETTER ISSUED ON MARCH 22 by the Roman Catholic bishops of Germany provides an ironic commentary on the bitter Nazi complaints of British destruction of Rhineland churches. For this very outspoken and detailed document not only charges the government of the Third Reich with the confiscation and desecration of churches but with an effort to destroy Christianity itself. "For years," the letter declares, "a war has raged in our fatherland against Christianity and the church, and has never been conducted with such bitterness. . . . Even in war time, when solidarity has been a matter of course, the fight continues, nay, increases in sharpness and bitterness and lies like a tremendous incubus on the German people." The bishops buttress this accusation by quoting one by one the provisions of the Concordat of July 20, 1933, in which the German government gave guaranties to the church, and by showing how they have been and are being ignored. Pressure is brought on Catholics "to conceal or deny" their faith; freedom of worship is restricted; religious instruction of children is more and more seriously hindered; priests are spied upon and punished for carrying out their duties; the property of religious orders has been confiscated and their activities increasingly curtailed; seminaries and church refectories for students have been seized and other obstacles placed in the way of training candidates for the priesthood. The bishops, however, do not confine their protests to the specific grievances of the church. They also take their stand for "the human

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rights bestowed by God on mankind" and condemn emphatically such Nazi practices as the punishment of persons without juridical proof of crime and the killing of incurables. The publication of this very courageous letter should help to open the eyes of the too numerous American Catholics, including some priests, who still fail to understand the nature of Hitlerism.

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THE BROAD OUTLINES OF NAZI STRATEGY IN Russia have become fairly clear despite the recent lull on the eastern front. The powerful air attack on Sevastopol last week-end shows that the Nazis are anxious to seize that stronghold in preparation for a combined land, air, and sea drive against the Caucasus in the double hope of cutting off Russia's supply of oil and replenishing their own needs. Fortunately the Russians are strongly intrenched at Sevastopol, and there is reason to hope that they can hold out and so prevent the Nazis from taking advantage of their recent success on the Kerch Peninsula. At the same time there is every indication that Germany is preparing a major drive in the north which has as its ultimate objective the cutting of the Allies' supply routes through Murmansk and Archangel. Considerable military activity has been reported in the past week on the Kalinin front—which includes most of the area between Moscow and Leningrad. While none of the German attacks have been on a large scale, the activity appears to be of the type which frequently precedes a broad offensive. Hitler's visit to Marshal Mannerheim has been almost universally interpreted as a bid for Finnish support in a new drive on Leningrad. Since this great Baltic port is heavily defended, there is, of course, a possibility that the Germans may by-pass it, and that they are seeking Finnish help for a direct attack on the supply lines farther north. With the anniversary of the invasion of Russia only a little more than a week away, it is probable that we shall not have to wait much longer for the 1942 edition of Hitler's Blitzkrieg.

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PIERRE LAVAL'S USEFULNESS TO THE NAZIS appears to be increasing. A few weeks ago, it will be recalled, rumors were circulated to the effect that he might be deposed and his job given to some more zealous collaborationist such as Doriot. But in the past week the Vichy government has announced the closing of 1,300 large French factories so that their employees might accept jobs in Germany or help in the production of foodstuffs. This action, it was pointed out, will not only free men for the German war effort but will result in a great saving of coal and raw materials for "essential industries." The step is believed to be an important part of the Nazi economic plan for France. A few hours before the closing of the factories was announced, Laval took personal command of the national police in an effort to curb the rising tide of anti-Nazi violence. The French Legion of War Veterans, the sole legal political organization in France, was placed under the command of Raymond Lachal, one of Laval's closest associates. To cap the climax of a week of useful service for their masters, Laval's Secretary of State for Information, Paul Marion, issued a statement charging the British with attempting to foment a civil war in France with Russia's aid, and denouncing the bombing of Paris factories as "private and collective murder." Laval may not have his job cinched yet, but no one can deny that he is making progress.

*

A SCHEME FOR MEETING BRITAIN'S COAL shortage has finally been worked out after months of controversy. Under the new plan efforts will be made to increase production as well as to curtail consumption through rationing. The newly established Ministry of Fuel, Light, and Power, headed by Major Gwilym Lloyd George, will have complete authority over coal production, but the mining properties will remain in private hands. Operation will be left in the hands of the existing managers, who will continue to be responsible to the owners although subject to removal by the government. Essentially a compromise, the plan is not liked by either the Liberal or the Labor Party. Labor, in particular, is dissatisfied; it has long maintained that the necessary reorganization and modernization of Britain's archaic mining industry could only be achieved by wiping out the vested interests created by private ownership. Even the Liberals wanted to see something closer to outright nationalization. Details of the new rationing scheme which is to supersede the one withdrawn a fortnight ago have not been announced, but it is known to be drastic. The public's attitude toward it will doubtless depend largely on the energy and sincerity of the government's efforts to increase production.

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THE NEW PLAN FOR GASOLINE RATIONING on the East Coast, as tentatively announced by Joel Dean, OPA fuel-rationing administrator, avoids many of the weaknesses of the preliminary scheme now in operation. Having learned from experience that some check on filling-station operators was necessary, the OPA has changed the basic plan so that dealers as well as all gasoline users will have to surrender coupons in order to obtain gasoline. While the allowance for non-essential users will be somewhat more generous than the three gallons per week of the existing arrangement, motorists will be able to obtain additional amounts only by going before the local rationing board and proving that a supplementary ration is indispensable. At the time of our going to press no decision had been reached on the con-

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troversial question of extending gasoline rationing to the rest of the country as a tire-conservation measure. The logic of the situation, however, would seem overwhelmingly on the side of such a step. A study recently completed by the Brookings Institution estimates that at least two-thirds of our automobiles, or approximately 20,000,000, are needed for essential transportation purposes. Unless drastic steps are taken to conserve tires, the number of automobiles suitable for service will drop below this minimum by June, 1943, and tires will be completely gone by 1945. It is to be regretted that a few Congressmen have been so shortsighted as to exploit the average American's aversion to rationing and thus unnecessarily to increase the difficulty of evolving a satisfactory plan for the entire country.

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THE STRIKE OF NEGRO WORKERS AT NASSAU in the Bahamas received little attention in the American press, which noted chiefly its effect in cutting short the Duke of Windsor's official visit to Washington. But we ought not to ignore the fact that the strike and the rioting that followed were the result of long-standing dissatisfaction with the conditions of work on American defense projects on the island. In accordance with our customary practice, local unskilled workers, most of whom are Negroes, have been receiving the island's prevailing wage of four shillings—about 81 cents—a day. In contrast, imported American workers, mainly whites, have received a dollar an hour and up. The local workers naturally resented such an unreasonable disparity in wages, and they were further angered by the tendency of local shopkeepers to take advantage of the high wages paid the Americans by raising their prices. These facts, which are bad enough, have been allowed to leak through the censorship. What has not been told is the degree to which the situation was made worse by American treatment of the proud, sensitive Negroes of the Bahamas. Our military authorities appear to be trying to hush up the entire matter lest unpleasant issues be raised; but it is far too serious for that. For the sake of racial harmony here at home, as well as of good relations with our allies, in the Caribbean, the whole affair should be promptly investigated by a Congressional committee.

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ODELL WALLER, THE NEGRO SHARECROPPER who was convicted of murder by an all-white Virginia jury, is to die on June 19. One last legal effort to save him will be made by the Workers' Defense League, which is planning to apply for a writ of habeas corpus in the federal courts. This step, it must be recognized, is only a forlorn hope, especially in view of the Supreme Court's decision to ignore the constitutional aspects of the Waller case. We place greater trust in the appeal which is being made to Governor Colgate W. Darden of Virginia, who has displayed a very fair attitude throughout the case, to commute the sentence of death. On Saturday of this week the Governor will hold a hearing on the case in response to a petition from a group of prominent persons, including many citizens of the state. *Nation* readers can support this effort by writing or wiring Governor Darden at Richmond, urging clemency on the ground that no man should die who has been denied a trial by a jury of his peers.

The New Crisis in Copper

ON WEDNESDAY, June 3, William L. Batt, chairman of the Requirements Committee of the War Production Board, held a press conference with A. I. Henderson, his successor as head of the Materials Division. What Batt had to say was alarming. "I can see times ahead," he declared, "when a shipway may stand idle for lack of steel and an ammunition line may slow down for lack of copper and brass." Though Batt only sees them "ahead," such scenes are already with us. He fails to mention the most important—the slowing down of plane-production lines in some factories for lack of aluminum. In steel, nickel, manganese, chromium, tungsten, aluminum, copper, tin, and chemicals we are suffering from shortages.

"This," Batt told the press, "comes as no surprise to us who have been living with the problem." If this situation is no surprise to Batt and Henderson, it is a commentary on their competence. Both have been closely associated with the materials problem since the defense program began. Batt was Stettinius's deputy, then chief in charge of materials under the Office of Production Management. Henderson, who comes from the famous Wall Street law firm of Cravath, de Gersdorff, Swaine, and Wood, was first chief counsel of the Materials Division and then Batt's deputy director. Among the ruck of dollar-a-year men both are outstanding in intelligence and in readiness to see the need for subordinating business considerations to the job of speeding war production. But the record shows neither has been good enough. Neither has had the vision, the will, the fighting power to shake the grip of accepted methods and powerful monopolies on the production of our basic raw materials. Most of the key posts in the Materials Division continue to be manned by the servants of the metal monopolists, and these are the men who make the decisions. Batt, the roller-bearing manufacturer, and Henderson, the corporation lawyer, are themselves too much a part of the world of big business and high finance to do the job of expanding production of materials.

In the case of some metals, like nickel, we can do little to increase production, though it is a pity the Cana-

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dian Parliament has no investigating committee which could have a look into the workings of the International Nickel Company. In the case of steel, the shortage is so great that we are told we cannot spare the steel necessary to build new steel-making plants. In the case of manganese, chrome, and tungsten, supply depends on work now begun to develop new domestic sources of supply. In the case of several other materials—magnesium, a variety of chemicals, and zinc, lead, and copper—powerful monopoly influences still block larger production. A fresh approach and new vigor are needed for the development of new methods and new sources of supply, and independent fighting blood must be brought into the business-dominated War Production Board if the monopolies are to be forced to produce their maximum. This is particularly necessary in copper, for copper makes brass, and brass encases shells.

In an editorial The Case of Copper in the issue of December 27 last, *The Nation* called attention to the serious shortage developing and to the proposals put forward by the Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers' Union for expanding production of copper. Under pressure from the Truman committee, which was the first to reveal the alarming lag in copper production, Batt announced that hearings would be held on methods for increasing output. The hearings were first postponed, then abandoned. Written proposals were asked instead, and these seem to have been consigned to the wastebasket. Labor's plan was shunted aside, though it was the only constructive suggestion presented at the Truman committee hearings. Batt's deputy at the time, Philip Reed of General Electric, contributed the spectacle of an extraordinary ignorance; the other dollar-a-year men who testified could suggest only higher prices and more tax privileges for the copper companies.

It is a measure of the gravity of the situation that two days after Batt's press conference last week there was a burst of publicity from the WPB designed to give the impression that labor's proposals are being adopted. In the double-talk of the press releases and the make-up of the new committees announced we see no evidence of a real change of policy. Nelson announces a drive for more local labor-management committees. Henderson, after all these months, wakes up to the fact that copper, lead, and zinc mining overlap and appoints a new three-man "coordinating" committee—but the committee is made up of the same dollar-a-year men who head the copper, zinc, and lead branches. Labor is still being "jim-crowed" instead of being invited to full participation. The emasculated Labor Production Division of the WPB is setting up a new non-ferrous division "to work with" the Materials Division in "the war-production drive." All this is a long way from the over-all supervision and coordination of the mining industry suggested by the union. The copper industry does not want that kind of supervision, nor does it want to be forced to improve conditions in the mines to permit larger output. It is being as niggardly with production as it safely can in the hope of higher prices and special excess-profits tax privileges. In copper, as in the other materials, shortage will continue as long as the WPB's Materials Division continues to take its lead from men with a vested interest in restricted production.

Behind Closed Doors

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

GREAT decisions are in the making behind official doors in Washington and Moscow, in London and Chungking. So much everyone knows, and no one will know more until the decisions are ripe for announcement to the world—including our enemies. But already some events have occurred which offer a hint of the shape of things to come. The recent speech of Sumner Welles—following that of the Vice-President; the lease-lend agreements with China and Russia; our declaration of war on Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria; Mr. Hull's warning to Finland; the all-but-open planning for a second front in Europe—taken together, these pieces fit, with gaps, into a slowly emerging pattern.

It adds to rather than lessens the importance of Mr. Welles's speech that it came out of this context of inter-Allied negotiation. It was a bold statement of policy and far more explicit than any which had previously come from an official source. And since, in the circumstances, it must have had the indorsement of our Allies, his proposals for dealing with the post-war world become momentous. Not only does Mr. Welles look ahead to a prolonged armistice period during which the disarming of the aggressors and the policing of the world will be carried out by the victorious United Nations, but, more significantly, he foresees the end of the whole system of imperialism and the establishment of peace on a basis of national and racial equality. This revolutionary proposal must also have the general assent of our major ally, the British Empire; otherwise it could hardly have been made by a responsible official at this moment.

Less startling but no less important for the building of the future world order are the lease-lend agreements with China and Russia. Based on the "master" agreement with Britain signed last February, and stemming from the economic principles set forth in the Atlantic Charter, they bring these two nations definitely into the framework of post-war economic cooperation and assure them "most-favored-nation" treatment in the crucial matter of financing their war purchases and liquidating their obligations. As for the declaration of war against the Eastern European states, this was clearly a concession to Russia, against which Hitler has thrown forces contributed, however un-

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willingly, by the three puppet governments. By the same logic a break with Finland seems likely. Washington has tried hard to maintain good relations with Finland, but no past sentiment or present faith in the democratic sympathies of the Finnish people can wipe out the fact that the armies of Finland are holding a long line for Hitler and constantly threaten the railway between Murmansk and Moscow, which is one of the two principal routes for the delivery of American war supplies to the Red Army.

So the pattern begins to take the shape of full-fledged alliance among equal partners leading toward a democratic peace. To arrive at this end one must, to be sure, fill in wide gaps with bold and generous acts. But no one can doubt that pressures stronger even than the fears and prejudices of Foreign Offices are pushing the United Nations in that general direction. The feeling dominating the recent Labor Party conference in England was one of impatience with official slackness both in waging the war and in planning the peace. The conference demanded the gradual socialization of essential industries, beginning now, as part of the war effort. It urged the reopening of negotiations with India. It cheered the announcement of a plan to ask the Soviet authorities to receive a British Socialist delegation which would try to establish closer relations with the Russian labor movement. The party recognized the necessity for starting to organize the post-war world while war still rages lest peace bring dangers hardly less overwhelming. The changing temper of England, particularly of labor, is one of the powerful forces at work behind the scenes. It is a power no English public man today would think of ignoring.

But British feeling is the least of the influences which have combined to force conservative statesmen to adopt revolutionary attitudes. As Walter Lippmann wrote last week, "in a war of survival the realities of international affairs are infinitely stronger than theories, ideologies, sentiment, and prejudice." The failure of the Cripps mission to India, following the procession of Allied defeats in the Far East, threatened China's ability to continue its unparalleled resistance; and the threat has not yet been lifted. Russia faced—and still faces—the grave danger that Hitler's summer offensive may smash the Red Army before a second land front in Europe can develop. Both Russia and China expressed clearly their reluctance, as well as their probable inability, to go on holding long and desperately contested fronts with insufficient equipment while the great Western powers reorganized their shattered or discredited commands and prepared for future offensives when their vast resources should become fully available. Something had to be done and done fast. It was necessary, if our fighting alliances were to hold, that we and the British take all possible steps to reinforce Russia and China and to establish their confidence in our aims as well as our strength. The plans and promises and acts of the last few days have grown not out of the imagination of statesmen but out of the fierce necessities of the world struggle. They are not to be discounted for that reason. Indeed, their chief importance lies in the fact that power is behind them—the power of an awakened public opinion in England, the growing power of Russia and China in the councils of the United Nations.

Biddle and the Facts

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, June 4

MANY people think that the only thing wrong with the Biddle decision on Bridges is that it is politically untimely and unwise. I believe a careful examination will also show many weaknesses in its interpretation of the law and of the facts. Because of the importance of the case at home and abroad I should like to discuss the decision in some detail, considering it in the light of the three Bridges decisions which went before it—those of Dean Landis, of Judge Sears, and of the Board of Immigration Appeals.

Before examining the Attorney General's ruling, however, I want to report a relevant piece of news. I am reliably informed that Mr. Biddle has decided not to press the case against Coughlin. I am told that the Attorney General is not sure that he has a strong case and fears that prosecution would be politically untimely and unwise. The Attorney General's decision may or may not be a sound one. The question I would like to raise is: are the political considerations which argue against the prosecution of a pro-fascist Catholic agitator of a higher order than those which argue against the deportation of an anti-fascist trade-union leader? Can an Attorney General who takes political considerations into account in the one case refuse to take them into account in the other?

There are circumstances, of course, under which no one could ask the Attorney General to consider anything but the law and the facts. Were it clear that Bridges is

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a Communist and that the Communist Party is actively attempting to overthrow the government, Mr. Biddle could not be expected to rule otherwise than he did. But in that case the "political considerations" involved in the Bridges case would no longer exist. For the most pressing and immediate argument against the deportation of Bridges rests on the fact that he and the Communist Party, whatever their motives, are now doing their best to support the government in its war effort. The political considerations in this case are of a different order from those which dictate the dropping of the Coughlin case or, to take another example, the appointment of a Hague man to the federal courts of New Jersey. The position of the Communist Party on the war is itself one of the facts of the case.

The law under which Bridges is to be deported does not mention the Communist Party by name. The law makes any alien deportable who has been a member of or affiliated with a party which advocates the overthrow of the government by force and violence. To judge from the Sears and Biddle opinions, this advocacy must be more than past doctrine or theory. It must be reflected in present practice. This becomes clearer if we recall that there was a double charge against Bridges. One involved membership in or affiliation with the Communist Party; the other involved membership in or affiliation with the I. W. W. For the law also makes it a deportable offense for an alien to have been a member of or affiliated with an organization which advocates "unlawful damage, injury, or destruction of property, or sabotage." Bridges denied that he was ever a member of the Communist Party but admitted that he was for a time a member of the I. W. W., and the I. W. W. is as closely associated in the public mind with sabotage as the Communist Party is with revolution. Sabotage is part of syndicalist theory, as revolution is part of Communist theory.

But Judge Sears declined to consider theory as sufficient basis for deportation. "The difficulty here," he said, "is that there is a failure to prove by a fair preponderance of the evidence that the I. W. W. at the time of Bridges's membership in it favored and advocated or published or circulated pamphlets or written or printed matter advocating or advising such acts as would constitute sabotage even under the broad definition suggested." The Attorney General agrees with Judge Sears on this. "A contrary conclusion," the Biddle decision says on this point, "would not seem to be warranted." Both accept Bridges's admission that he was a Wobbly. Neither considers this basis for deportation.

Were the same test applied to the Communist Party, membership in it at the present time or in recent years would not be ground for deportation. Biddle cites three Communist documents which call for revolution. One is the "Communist Manifesto" of 1848; the second is the program of the American section of the Comintern as announced in 1919; the third is from the Thesis and Statutes of the Third International (1920). These are hardly enough to prove Biddle's finding that "the Communist Party of the United States of America, from the time of its inception *to the present time,*" has been an organization that "advises, advocates, and teaches the overthrow by force and violence of the government of the United States" (my italics).

The Department of Justice introduced in evidence four Wobbly publications to prove that the I. W. W. was in favor of sabotage, and produced an ex-Wobbly as witness. But Judge Sears pointed out that one of the documents bore no date and that the other three were issued in 1916 and 1917. He objected that the witness had left the I. W. W. "at least six months" before Bridges joined it in June or July, 1921. But the Communist documents used by Biddle as evidence of the party's purposes appeared before Bridges entered this country, indeed, before any period in which he might have joined the party.

In this connection, an important point must be kept in mind. Bridges admitted that he had been a Wobbly and therefore brought forward a witness to testify that at the time he joined the I. W. W. it had renounced sabotage. Judge Sears found this testimony impressive. But since Bridges denied that he was or had been a Communist, he brought forward no witnesses to testify on the question of the Communist Party and revolution. Neither before Landis nor Sears was any testimony heard in behalf of the Communist Party. Thus a point of great political importance at this time, with the widest repercussions in foreign relations and domestic affairs, was decided by Biddle on the basis of testimony from one side only.

I am not arguing that we should pretend that Communists are democrats. I merely want to make clear that as a matter of fact and law there was no obstacle to such a common-sense ruling by Biddle as the following: The Communist Party, whatever the theories it holds, is not at this time trying to overthrow the government by force or violence. On the contrary, whatever its motives, it is using all its influence in the trade-union movement to support the government and the war effort. If its position changes, its legal position will also change. But at this time an alien is not deportable for membership in or affiliation with the party because its present conduct and policy do not bring it within the force-and-violence provisions of the immigration laws.

Of course the Attorney General need not have handled this political hot potato at all had he decided differently the question of whether Bridges was a Communist or affiliated with the Communist Party. Landis held that Bridges was not a Communist. Judge Sears held that he was. The Board of Immigration Appeals unanimously reversed Judge Sears. If these three deci-

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sions and that of the Attorney General are read side by side, it will be seen that Mr. Biddle was not only free to rule either way but that the case against Bridges is a good deal weaker than the case for him and that some very odd reasoning was indulged in by the Attorney General. If the Attorney General had held that Bridges was not a Communist, it would have been unnecessary to decide whether or not the Communist Party came within the purview of the Immigration Act.

Under the law it is a deportable offense to be either a member of or affiliated with a party which advocates overthrow of the government by force or violence. Landis, who rendered the first decision, held that Bridges was neither. Judge Sears, as the presiding inspector in the second Bridges case, decided that he was both. The Board of Immigration Appeals overruled Judge Sears on both counts. Biddle reversed the board and upheld the findings of Sears.

Let us take up the question of membership first. The Department of Justice brought fifteen witnesses before Judge Sears. "Much of this evidence," Biddle admits, "is rejected as being untrustworthy, contradictory, or unreliable. However, the evidence of two witnesses is accepted as showing that Bridges was a member of the party. If this evidence is believed—and Judge Sears believed it—the doubt is decided. The question is substantially one of credibility. The Review Board did not think the evidence credible." Biddle relies on Sears because "Judge Sears saw the witnesses on the stand, watched their demeanor and expression, and was in a far better position to judge their truthfulness than the Review Board, dealing with the cold print of the record."

The question of "demeanor and expression" is a highly subjective one, and appellate courts feel no shyness about deciding for themselves on "the cold print of the record." In case of doubt, the Attorney General can hear the testimony himself. As it happens, the "evidence" of the two witnesses relied upon by Sears and Biddle is so contradictory that it appeared untrustworthy and unreliable to the Board of Immigration Appeals. I put the word "evidence" in quotation marks because one of these two witnesses did not testify that Bridges was a member of the Communist Party. This witness was James D. O'Neil. What did O'Neil testify? If Biddle's account is placed beside that of Sears, it will be seen how anxious the Attorney General was to give O'Neil's "evidence" a good deal more weight than it deserves.

Biddle says O'Neil was publicity director of the C. I. O. in San Francisco after 1936 and shared offices with Bridges. "The two men were intimate," the Attorney General declares. "In October, 1941, he made a statement to two FBI agents, which was taken down by a stenographer who was present, that he joined the Communist Party in December 1936; that he walked into Bridges's office one day in 1937 and saw Bridges pasting assessment stamps in a Communist Party book; and that Bridges reminded the witness that he had not been attending party meetings. O'Neil admitted making the statement, testified that what he had stated was the truth, but that it was garbled, and untrue in the particulars mentioned."

This is the cleverly misleading statement of a prosecutor, not the words of an administrative officer sitting as a judge of the facts. The account given by Sears, whom Biddle upholds, is far more candid. Sears quotes O'Neil's actual testimony:

> *Q.* Did you during any time that you were so employed in Mr. Bridges's office walk into his office one day and see on Bridges's desk a Communist Party Book in which Mr. Bridges was putting assessment stamps?
>
> *A.* No. At this point I want to say that that is exactly what I told the FBI men that questioned me.
>
> *Q.* Now, just a minute! I haven't asked you that. I am asking you if you saw him.
>
> *A.* I did not.
>
> *Q.* You did not?
>
> A. *No.*
>
> *Q.* Did you see Mr. Bridges putting assessment stamps in a Communist Party book about 2 p. m. in Bridges's office in the Balboa Building at 593 Market Street sometime in 1937?
>
> *A.* I did not.

Sears said O'Neil "denied that he had ever been a member of the Communist Party; he denied that he had stated to the FBI officers that he was a member of the Communist Party; he denied stating to the FBI agents that Bridges was a member of the Communist Party." The opinion of the Board of Immigration Appeals makes this even more explicit. The board declares that O'Neil denied the truth of all the statements he was alleged to have made to the FBI "with the exception of the sentence, 'It is my belief that Bridges never at any time attended any Communist Party meetings.'" This is considerably different from Biddle's "O'Neil admitted making the statement" but "testified . . . that it was garbled." Mr. Biddle here shows himself a master of understatement.

The key to this confusion may be a simple one. Sears says O'Neil "denied specifically that he had dictated any statement to a stenographer in the FBI office at the interview of October 7, although he stated that there was a stenographer present while the officers were asking him questions and that she took notes." Why wasn't O'Neil placed under oath at that time and asked to sign the statement he is supposed to have made to the FBI? The regulations of the Immigration Service provide, in Biddle's own words, "that statements of persons during an investigation must be taken down in writing, the signature requested, and the interrogation made under oath." Was it because O'Neil's explanation on the stand

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was true? "O'Neil," according to Judge Sears, "testified that the statement [alleged to have been given the FBI], while incorrect in the particulars already mentioned as well as in others, *was a garbled and incorrect summary of several interviews*" (my italics).

By failing to place O'Neil under oath when they questioned him and to obtain his signature to his statement, the FBI men ran a grave risk. The Board of Immigration Appeals ruled that the alleged statement was inadmissible as evidence because these departmental regulations were not complied with. The board also pointed out that the whole procedure was highly irregular and violated elementary rules of evidence. Courts are not accustomed to admit as "evidence" testimony by others of what a man swears on the stand that he did not say. Biddle dismisses the second point primarily on the ground that "technical rules of evidence do not apply to administrative procedures," though this is hardly a "technical" point. He himself then falls back on technicalities to meet the board's contention that the statement was inadmissible because it had not been taken under oath, as required by the department's regulations.

I will let Biddle speak for himself on this point. "Had the alien raised the question at the time of the hearing," Biddle says, "compliance with the departmental regulations would have been obligatory." But since the question was not raised at the hearing, Bridges "waived the right to object." This is to clothe an administrative procedure with the formality of a high appellate court in the same breath that one argues that an administrative procedure is too informal to be bound by "technical" rules of evidence.

Whom Does the Greek King Represent?

BY LEIGH WHITE

GEORGE II of Greece is expected to arrive in this country from Egypt on June 10. He will be accompanied by Prime Minister Emmanuel Tsouderos and other members of the Greek government-in-exile. The King and his party will be guests at the White House and will be honored at a state dinner by President Roosevelt; they will also be honored at dinners given by the Secretaries of State and the Navy and at numerous banquets and patriotic celebrations throughout the United States.

Greece has been one of our most gallant allies, and there would be every reason for the leaders of our government to receive its ruler if it were not for one unfortunate fact—George II is cordially hated by all but a fraction of his martyred subjects. For that reason his reception by the President of the United States will disturb friends of Greek democracy everywhere.

At a time when unity should be paramount, it is a disagreeable and thankless task to question the leadership of an allied government. But since George II has chosen to visit the United States in the name of the Greek people and since there is danger that he may be hailed as the coming liberator of Greece, there is no choice but to recall his unsavory past and register a strong protest.

For the fact is, George II is neither a popular leader nor a friend of freedom. Nor, for that matter, is he a Greek. He is merely the current representative of the Glücksburg dynasty, which he can be counted on to do everything in his power to preserve, even at the expense of his subjects. Certainly that has been his policy in the past. He is the grandson of George of Denmark, who was assassinated in Salonika in 1913. He is the son of Constantine, the Kaiser's brother-in-law, who was deposed in 1917 and again in 1922. He himself was originally excluded from the succession because of his pro-German intrigues in the last World War. Finally enthroned in 1922, he was forced to flee for his life in 1923, and in 1924 the Glücksburg dynasty was formally expelled from Greece. In the following period, until his restoration eleven years later, Greece enjoyed the nearest approach to a parliamentary democracy it has ever been permitted in the modern era.

Since the republican revolution of 1821-29, the long-suffering Greeks have had five unwanted monarchs foisted upon them. Three (including George II) were dethroned once; one (Constantine) was dethroned twice; one (George I) was assassinated; only one (Alexander) was permitted to keep his throne, and he died three years after his coronation. These facts would seem to be sufficient proof that what the Greek people want is the republic for which they have fought for 120 years, not the monarchy with which shortsighted British politicians have repeatedly tried to saddle them.

In 1935, with the help of British politicians and a sham plebiscite, George II engineered his restoration. Only he and his camarilla failed to appreciate the paradox of the elections of January, 1936. Whereas his plebiscite of the previous November had indicated that 98 per cent of the people favored his restoration, the election, despite the intimidation of voters by Royalists and Fascists, returned 135 Venizelist Liberals to Parlia-

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ment against 125 Royalists, 14 Communists, and 9 Metaxas Fascists. It was characteristic of George's concern for his subjects' wishes that he immediately turned the government over to General John Metaxas.

On August 4, 1936, the blackest day in the history of modern Greece, George II signed a decree permitting Metaxas to abolish the constitution and create the "Third Hellenic Civilization"—a cynical euphemism for the most despotic regime in Europe outside Germany and Italy. Thereupon Metaxas instituted permanent martial law, abolished elections, political parties, and trade unions, imprisoned or banished to the islands all dissenters, created the Asphalia, a terrorist police force modeled after the Gestapo, and the Ethniki Neolea, a Greek copy of the Hitler Jugend. For good measure, he also suppressed municipal government, forbade the teaching of constitutional law, banned the study and presentation of Sophocles, Thucydides, and other classics—and even went so far in his zeal to silence all "subversive hymns to democracy" as to ban Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

George II of Greece

Such was the government which kept George II in power until the Italians invaded Greece in October, 1940. From that day on the Greek people fought against the invader *despite* their ruler and his Fascist government. Metaxas and George II followed their policy of resistance only because of the certain knowledge that if they did not they would be overthrown as George's father, Constantine, was overthrown in 1917. But throughout the entire Italian phase of the war, King George and his government maintained cordial relations with the Germans, even to the extent of permitting the German military attachés in Athens and Salonika to observe and note in detail the arrival and deployment of British forces up to April 5, the eve of the German invasion.

The exalted heroism of the Greek soldiers at the front was an inspiration to all who knew them. I myself had seen nothing comparable to it since the war in Spain. But life at the front was one thing; life at the rear was another. Despite the pleas of the people, neither Metaxas nor King George would consent to the release of political prisoners, the lifting of the Fascist censorship, or any other measure that would have given meaning to the suicidal heroism of the soldiers.

I shall never forget the celebration of Independence Day in Athens on March 25, 1941. Instead of a civilian parade, George insisted on commemorating the freedom of the Greek nation by reviewing a parade of the Ethniki Neolea. While Greek soldiers were dying at the front for what they hoped would mean democracy, blue-shirted Fascist thugs of military age were marching up and down Constitution Square. The thin crowd of civilians who watched them were apathetic. They knew that thousands of police agents were circulating among them, ready to arrest them for a single "subversive" word.

"How can you be pro-Greek when you see a spectacle like this?" a colleague asked me. "The Greeks are as bad as the Italians—worse, even. There aren't as many police spies in Rome."

We argued. I insisted that what was happening at the front could never be undone. Somehow, I said, the war would purge Greece of its betrayers.

Later I was surprised to find that I was right. Paradoxical as it may seem, the German occupation had the effect of freeing the Greeks from their oppressors. After being wounded at Corinth, I arrived in occupied Athens to find a different atmosphere from that which I had known before. The Greeks were starving and were embittered by their defeat, but in one sense they were happy. They were at last united as free men against the conqueror; they were free at last to speak their troubled minds. There was no more Asphalia to spy on them, and the Gestapo could not speak Greek.

One of the first tasks the Greek patriots set themselves was the liquidation of their betrayers. Before they ever engaged in sabotage against the Germans and Italians, they had assassinated many of their own brand of fascists. That was why such worthies as Constantine Manyadakis, the chief of the Asphalia, and Constantine Kodziás, the mayor of Athens, found it necessary to seek refuge in the United States. They were fleeing from the wrath of their own people, not from their friends the Germans. Kodziás is still in this country, thankfully in retirement, but to the credit of our Immigration Service Manyadakis was not allowed to enter. He was last heard from in Argentina. The most hated man in Greece, he will certainly be murdered if he ever dares to return.

Three weeks before my departure from Athens last September, the Italians—of all people—released 300 political prisoners of the Metaxas regime. They were the survivors of more than a thousand professors, journalists, writers, and students who had been imprisoned since 1936. The rest had long since died of sickness or starvation. A score of these human wrecks were admitted to the hospital where I was convalescing. One of them had to have both his eyes removed, having contracted some incurable eye infection in his dungeon. All these men had sworn eternal vengeance against Manya-

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dakis and similar henchmen of Metaxas and the King.

During my stay in the hospital I talked with Royalists, Metaxists, Venizelists, Communists, and just plain Greeks. From what they told me, each according to his lights, I realized that neither King George nor any of his camarilla would be any more welcome in post-war Greece than the Fascists. Hence it would be foolish and unjust for the United States, as the most influential member of the United Nations, to support their cause.

My stay in Athens convinced me that what the majority of the Greek people want is a government as much like that of the United States as possible. What little I know of the Greek character convinces me that though it will be a long time before they can achieve a government as stable as ours, achieve it they finally will, if it takes them a hundred years. It will be our duty as Americans to help them all we can.

One way we can help them now is to insist upon a reorganization of the Greek government-in-exile and demand that King George be made to follow his spiritual counterpart, Carol II of Rumania, into permanent retirement. Should M. Tsouderos or his Vice-Premier, Panayotis Kanellopoulos, be unwilling to break with the King, then they must be replaced by others who have the courage to take up the cause of a people's revolution. Above all, such notorious Fascists as Alexander Sakellariou, the present admiral of the Greek navy, must be eliminated from the government-in-exile before it can be considered worthy of the valiant people it presumes to represent.

A Letter to the Living

BY WALTER VAN TILBURG CLARK

I GEORGE DUBOIS, once writer and artist who lived chiefly by other work, am about to be executed. They brought me back to this cell yesterday, after I had been sentenced, apparently by a tribunal of my countrymen but actually by a silent colonel with a face like Dante's. They won't tell me when or how I am to die, which is the hardest thing now. It seems to me that if I knew to the minute when, whether it will be by bullet or by guillotine, how many will go with me and who will watch, I could stop these dreadful declines into panic, make my mind firm, and die as I wish to die, with dignity. As it is I give way to foolish dreams of Casanova escapes, and to even more difficult memories of walking with Annette in the spring evenings, talking with my brother at a sidewalk table, feeling the common affection that is in a theater because everybody is living the same lives from the stage—to innumerable such small and profound joys of being. Such retrospective desires sooner or later plunge me like steep water down into a degrading animal terror.

This doesn't really matter, however, except to me. I suppose I hope to save a little of myself in the minds of you who read this, but the big reason I write is because I am like you, and want you to know what I know now, that my fears don't matter, that though my life is unimportant, my death is not, and that it may even be that my death is more valuable if I die badly than if I die like a hero.

I am thinking of two executions I saw this morning. My cell is in the third story of the prison, over the entrance to the court. I can see the opposite wall, which is windowless, and more than half of the side walls, which have small windows like mine, where I sometimes see other prisoners and wonder if they also are waiting to be executed. In front of the windowless wall are four evenly spaced stakes like truncated telephone poles. The firing squads stand in the center of the court below me, and I watch their faces when they come about to march out afterward. These faces show the difference between killing a man in battle and killing him when he is helpless.

I once saw that difference take effect when the victim was a bird, not a man. The hunter was a government clerk in the village of my birth, a friendly man who read a great deal and loved to talk, especially about politics, in which he was too idealistic to prosper. He was an excellent hunter who always dropped his birds cleanly, and so took pleasure in his skill. But this once his dog flushed four birds which stayed bunched until the shot. The clerk killed one of them, but dropped another without killing it. The dog brought this crippled bird to him, and when it was released it began frantically to try to rise but kept falling over on its injured side. The dog became excited. The clerk held him off and started to pick the bird up, but stopped because he was caught by its eye watching him. He couldn't make himself wring its neck, but finally killed it with another shot. Afterward he was very nervous and a little ill. The next time he went out, he shot nervously, and crippled a bird in single flight. He gave up hunting. I know that not many men who will hunt at all are sensitive enough to stop hunting because they shoot badly. But I also know that all hunters are shaken, to some degree, by having to kill a cripple at close quarters.

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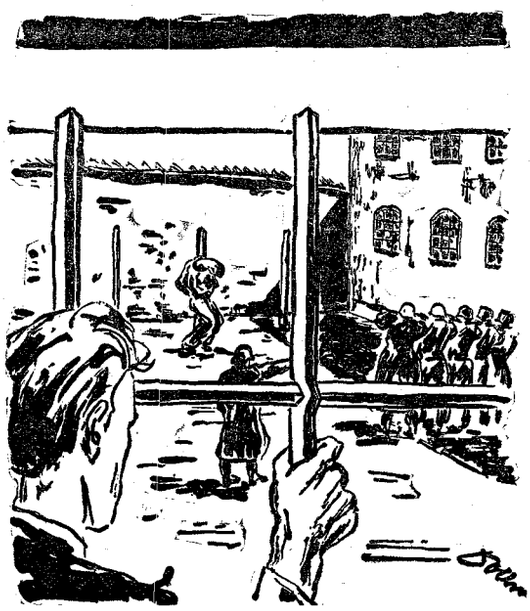

The bird killed cleanly, in flight, is like the enemy killed in battle, and the crippled bird is like a prisoner at the stake, except that the emotional difference between killing men in the two ways is much greater. In battle you also kill to prevent being killed, and in executing a helpless man you identify yourself with him more completely than you would with a bird. Later you will see him in your dreams, and sometimes he will have your own body and face, or those of a dear friend. An executioner, unlike a soldier in battle, will finally feel like a murderer. And this result will be even stronger and more immediate if the victim dies badly than if he dies well.

The first of the two I saw this morning was the man who died badly. The guards had to support him all the way to the stake, and even from my window I could hear him whimpering. I believe he was nearly unconscious from anticipation. He made no trouble when they bound him, except for his sagging weight, but before they could blindfold him, he saw the firing squad and woke up. He began to scream and beg them not to kill him. He even told them that he had a wife, and the names of his children, and the age of the youngest. His voice echoed against the wall. They gagged him, but he continued to struggle and to work his mouth over the gag, trying to tell them. He was in the sunlight, and the firing squad was in shadow except for the helmets of the last two men on the left. When the order came, and the rifles all rose against him, like a row of toys, I couldn't watch. After the explosion, however, I had to look again, because the smell of powder was so strong and the silence so complete.

Too loudly and not very clearly an order was given. The squad came about, and I saw their faces. Most of them were set, of course, intent upon revealing nothing, even to themselves. Yet even the firmest of them stared a little too much. Two or three stumbled against the men beside them, and a boy on the end who was trying to march stiffly and with a raised face kept sagging in the knees and letting his face go almost to the point of crying before he could freeze it. The motion after the quiet started some of the prisoners weeping and cursing at their windows, and for a moment, because of his expression, I thought the sounds came from the hysterical boy. Even the officer cracked a little, looking up and yelling violently at the prisoners to be quiet. Then the sound of marching died, and there was only soft weeping at the windows, until one of the men began to scream. He stopped just as suddenly.

It all took a very short time, four or five minutes at the most; yet it still seems longer than there is any way to say, permanent, for in that time the lives of both prisoners and soldiers stopped, and when time was resumed, we had completed one life and begun another.

The dead prisoner is an unchanging monument in my mind. He still hangs there motionless against the ropes, his head forward and toward one shoulder, the knots of his gag and blindfold sticking up like white rabbit ears, the fingers of blood on his white shirt growing downward slowly and thickening at the top until they glitter in the sun. The soldiers won't forget him either. His fear conquered the place.

The other man died as I would rather die, if I am lucky enough, with his courage at the peak. He was a powerful man with a red beard. His open shirt, with the sleeves rolled up, showed the springy golden hair on his chest and arms. The guards were embarrassed because he came out as if taking a stroll, which made them stroll too. When they showed faults of nervousness in placing him, he laughed at them silently, stepped back against the stake as if measuring himself, and said it was too short for a man his size. He laughed again when the officer ordered him to shut up. He refused the blindfold, and when the officer insisted that he wear it, looked up and around at us in the windows and called, "They're afraid to look me in the eye, boys. That's the beginning. Soon we will have der Tag too." We cheered him, which must have sounded strange in the streets outside. I watched even the killing this time, for the red-bearded man made it an encouragement. But it was easier for the firing squad too. They went out in much better order than the first squad. Perhaps, because he was so calm and motionless, they were able to make him seem merely a target at the critical moment. He gave us courage, but the other, I believe, made our hate greater, and made the enemy more fearful.

So I needn't worry about how I die.

I've come to understand that my death, and all like it, are important, by enduring my memories. When you are certain to die, it changes the values of even your past life. For instance, take Annette, who is the most constant and

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difficult of my memories. I seldom think of her now as lying in my arms, except for some of the things she used to whisper, which have become so real that I actually hear them, and turn around expecting to touch her. And when I do think of her so, it is a quality like the whispered secrets which is important, a quality difficult to describe to a man who is still free to go back to his love in the flesh. Let me say, because I can't say it better, that it's as if a disembodied self held in its arms, with a great and sad longing for something far beyond either of us, a shapely essence of the spirit of Annette. It is perhaps this quality in my present love which makes me remember most searchingly incidents which seemed relatively trivial in their own time:

I am reading aloud a poem I have just written about her, and her mouth shows that she is touched but also amused, for Annette is clear-minded, and hears that I have been more fond than inspired—

We both shiver as her hand closes on my wrist because the orchestra is flawlessly rendering our favorite passage from Debussy—

Annette is standing in front of the striped cloth of a fruit stand, laughing at me with her eyes from over a bunch of grapes she is trying to eat quickly because they are very ripe and run wine through her fingers. She is slender, and looks competent in her suit and flat shoes, but also a little Dionysian at the moment—

Annette, walking as quickly as she is thinking, gets ahead of me in the park. When she wakes up and sees me waiting behind her, she makes a nose at me, and stands with her hands on her hips, refusing to come back. There is late sunlight and a gentle wind in the tops of the trees.

Such memories bend me like knife thrusts in the loins. It hurts even more to think how long Annette must endure them. Yet this is what makes important the end of my unimportant life. Annette will have thousands of such agonies, when she is alone and can weep, but also when she cannot weep, in the innumerable places of our city where we have been together. Annette is gentle, but not weak. Each time her love suffers again, her hate will grow stronger. This will also be true of my mother, my brother, and my friends. They will all care a little less to be alive, because I am dead. Around each of them are others whom I do not know, and around each of them others. The effects diminishing outward, they will all care less to be alive because I am dead. I will be a pebble tossed into water, the ripples circling out from me. Now multiply me by all of us who die. The toy boat which is the enemy cannot long stay afloat when the whole water moves. So really I am going to increase greatly the life I seem to give up.

It would be harder to die if I were a hostage, though hostages spread the ripples even better. The most elementary sense of justice is the nearest universal, and even dull spirits are moved when a man dies for something he didn't do. Yet the converse side of that elementary sense of justice is also strong. I feel better to have done what I'm dying for.

Or perhaps it is only that to act is a kind of triumph for me. Not many of us are naturally violent, and certainly I am not. I acted at last only because they killed my friend Jacques Labruge. Having lived most in my mind, I feared that although I was clear when we made plans, was even a leader then, I would become confused and useless when we acted. In a way I was confused. I never emerged from a dream. Familiar surroundings appeared strange, and success seemed improbable. Yet within that confusion my mind focused clearly, like a moral microscope, upon my individual duty, and because of the unreality there was simply a pleasant sensation of unexpected intellectual corroboration in seeing ideas materialize in earth, powder, and rails.

There were ten of us in the raid on the arsenal. We worked in complete darkness, and our organization and timing were exact, so that we gave no alarm and were done in six minutes.

There were twenty of us on the line outside the city. We planted a major mine and three follow-ups, spaced to include the length of the train. We ran our line to a plunger under a highway bridge nearly four hundred meters off, on the edge of a swamp. We should have left only one man to push the plunger, of course, as we had planned, but when we were ready, it was nearly time for the train, and we wanted to watch. Even then we could have made it if we hadn't been fascinated by the peasants. Our veteran leader, Frances, kept whispering at us to get out, but we wouldn't.

It was a supply train to a garrison in the city. We had watched it often, and knew there were guards on the cars. It was a strain to wait. We feared the mine wouldn't explode, and many of us, at the last instant, weren't sure we wanted it to. But Frances was on the plunger, and though he was anxious, he wouldn't hesitate. He was anxious, like a good technician, only about the timing. The long beam from the locomotive on the curve had almost picked us out when the flashlight signal came from the ridge. Frances whispered one, two, as if about to jump into cold water, and pushed home the plunger. The delay seemed long. I was about to say "dud" when a great fountain of upright flame rose out of the earth, shutting off the headlight at once, and then the three smaller fountains flared in quick succession. After the last flare came the first shaking roar, and then the other three explosions, boom, bam, bim. It was stunning under the bridge, even at that distance. Then a hissing jet of steam was rising out of the fallen locomotive into the light from the cars, which were all over too, in a long loop on the embankment, and beginning to burn slowly, crackling like heavy paper. As the light increased, it revealed trees

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and even distant farmhouses, and we saw the peasants coming out cautiously, stopping often. Finally they were there, minute silhouettes against the flames, plundering the cars they could get at. We were all glad of that. We of the cities have fared better than the peasants, because the enemy is afraid of hunger where there are so many of us together.

We forgot that the light exposed us too. Five were caught running in a group, and a sixth, who wouldn't stop, was shot at the edge of the marsh. I was in the willows at the edge of the marsh myself, when the searchlight of a patrol car on the highway found me. Two bullets clipped twigs near me and splashed beyond, and a voice using my own language ordered me to stop. Now I wish I had tried a dive into that muddy water. Then I did not even think. Somebody told me to stop, and I stopped. They made me raise my hands and walk up into the light, which was blinding, but they did not fire again. They were countrymen of mine. Sometimes, feeling that they, and not the enemy, mean the spiritual death of my land, to which this physical invasion is nothing, I hate their kind the most. But at least they didn't bully me. They didn't search far, either. They just wanted scapegoats, I suppose, or else they were afraid to separate in the dark.

Since I am not a hostage, it will probably be the guillotine for me, though I hope strongly for the bullet. There is something cruelly shameful about being made to lie down in public. But that again is personal. Perhaps the guillotine is better. More people will watch, and my own ripples will reach, with primary strength, many who don't know me.

There is so much of my life I want greedily to save that it is hard to stop writing, but I have told what matters, and there are only a few minutes now before the guard comes. He should be my friend who will take this out for me, but he may not be. My friend also brings me cigarettes. He is wonderful. I know how hard they are to get. I'll have one now, and it should taste better than any other in the last five days.

Land Fighting in Asia

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

AN AMERICAN war correspondent leaving Burma shortly before the Japanese conquest gave a sick British soldier a ride to a field hospital. On the way they talked about the fighting, and at the end the Tommy said: "The bloody Japs are running us out of Burma, but we're coming back—that's sure. We won't keep on doing things wrong forever. Some day we'll wake up and get smarter than the other bloke."

In the present war few of the mistakes that cost the loss of battles and thousands of lives come to the attention of the general public. While events are occurring, they are enveloped in secrecy that is sometimes necessary and sometimes not, or the facts are distorted by government propaganda. After a campaign has been lost, the public's interest turns in some other direction, and only the historian or military professional has the desire and facilities to reconstruct a correct picture.

Nevertheless, a clear review of past mistakes is essential to prevent their repetition in the future. The soft-pedaling of disasters and exaggeration of gains which have been responsible for much ill-founded American optimism have served no useful purpose and may well boomerang against American morale. We need more statements like General Stilwell's on the Allied failure in Burma: "I claim we got a hell of a beating. . . . I think we ought to find out what caused it, go back, and retake it."

While all the facts are not available, we now know enough to do a reasonably good job of reconstructing the fighting in southeastern Asia and discovering the causes of the disaster, first in Malaya, later in Burma. Like our own commanders at Pearl Harbor, the British in the Far East owe a fair proportion of their defeats to an overconfidence based about equally on underestimation of their opponents and a smug, completely unfounded sense of superiority. Even after the Japanese had established bases in southern Indo-China and were making preliminary preparations to send forces into Thailand, British leaders felt certain that the Japanese would not dare attack them. And because of this inner certainty the actual defense measures taken at Singapore, press reports to the contrary notwithstanding, were so few that only in the last days before surrender was consideration given to air-raid shelters.

It has been the fashion to ascribe Japanese victories to overwhelming numbers. But while numbers were on Japan's side, this fact does not explain all the losses suffered by the United Nations. Lieutenant Colonel Paul Thompson, writing in the May issue of *Infantry Journal*, examines the Malay campaign with close attention. He finds that numbers favored the invaders only in the ratio of six divisions to four—no overwhelming superiority. Better concentration of troops, however, enabled the Japanese greatly to increase this advantage. Air and sea

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superiority, which the Japanese had, were not by themselves decisive. Early landings at Khota Bahru brought about an ill-guarded naval sortie which ended in the sinking of the Prince of Wales and the Repulse. Thereafter the Japanese had command of the sea on the eastern but not the western side of the peninsula. This is important because most of the landings of troops which repeatedly flanked the British positions and forced retirement were made along the west coast under the nose of the British navy, which could not stop small bodies of Japanese troops using native boats from making night landings back of the British lines. Air power came into its own only in the last stages of the campaign, when the imperial troops were crowded together in defense of Singapore, which held out for exactly a week instead of the expected several months.

The invading troops had only fair equipment, but they made use of native boats and bicycles, clothed themselves to resemble Malays, and deliberately and carefully prepared for the type of war they would encounter. The British did nothing of the sort. Cecil Brown is authority for the statement that it was only a few weeks before war broke out that British commanders discovered that flooded rice paddies could be successfully negotiated by tanks and Bren-gun carriers. Failure to destroy stocks of food greatly simplified the enemy's supply problem. Airports, boats, and in one instance a radio station were left undestroyed for use by the invader. The growth of a native fifth column to assist local Japanese guides was accelerated when at Penang the British took no pains to evacuate any but Europeans. Meanwhile, colonial administration seems to have been more stupid than usual. There was even one well-authenticated instance of a shipload of airplanes arriving at Singapore in the last stages of the siege and being sent elsewhere.

The Burma campaign shows a close resemblance to the Malayan. In its initial stages the American Volunteer Group and certain units of the R. A. F. gave the Allies actual air superiority over the invaders. But well-managed air power did not bring victory, and as the campaign continued, command of the air went to the Japanese. The numerically inferior British and Chinese troops did all that brave but poorly equipped men minus brilliant leadership could reasonably be expected to accomplish. They held their lines until flanking forces of the enemy compelled them to yield. They then fell back, obliged in many cases to fight their way through encircling forces, to make a stand at the next good position until forced to retreat still farther. Even less than in Malaya were the Allied forces prepared to fight the kind of war which the type of country necessitated. And where the Malays had been apathetic, the Burmese proved pro-Japanese and greatly aided the invading armies by murdering British civilians and reporting every movement of defending troops. The aid of teran Chinese troops was refused until the fall of Rangoon had sealed the fate of Burma and until two Australian divisions, earmarked for Burmese service, went home instead. Without a single first-class road between Burma and India, aid from the million and a half trained Indian soldiers proved impracticable, the only reinforcements being small numbers of troops who arrived by air. After the débâcle a few left the same way, others escaped into China. But the whole Burmese campaign was for the Allies a tremendous military disaster. Japanese armies totaling around 75,000 men, and with only moderate air support, in four months and at a ridiculously low cost to themselves achieved victories of immense economic and strategic value.

The results are already apparent. The oil position of the United Nations in the Eastern Hemisphere, which was bad enough after Japan's seizure of the Dutch fields, has been made much worse by the loss of those of Burma. Iran and Iraq are now the only nearby sources of oil for an immense war effort. In the same degree the position of the Japanese has been improved. Strategically, their conquest of Burma makes it extremely unlikely that they can be immediately driven out of southeastern Asia. An attack by way of India would have to cope with extreme transportation difficulties. Here as elsewhere Japan can be defeated, but only if the Allies inflict tremendous losses in other theaters or exert far more pressure than Japan used originally.

That Japan has not committed itself to a heavy campaign in any particular zone of operations but has feinted in several directions may be due to its need of time to consolidate its gains as much as to a natural desire to mislead its opponents. Or the Japanese leaders may themselves be undecided. A campaign for possession of the iron regions of eastern India once looked likely, but the arrival of the rainy season has possibly postponed efforts in this direction. Australia and the neighboring islands are probably not valuable enough or menacing enough to be worth the major effort that would be required to reduce them provided they are not neglected by the United States. There remain Soviet Siberia and China, both weakened by war and both known to be objectives of the Japanese militarists. Preliminary moves indicate that the Japanese, true to the teachings of the Tanaka Memorial, regard China as the scene of their next major effort. Attacks along the Chinese coast have doubtless been hastened to prevent any further air raids on Japan's cities from bases in "Shangri-la." From the strategic point of view, further gains in China would destroy possible future bases of attack. From the economic point of view, China, if sufficiently exploited, can supply Japan's iron lacks as well as India could.

In fact, one of the direct results of Japan's Burmese victories is the cutting off of China from outside aid. Of all the hard lines of transport which American weapons

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must follow, that to China will now be by far the most difficult. Limited supplies may arrive by plane from India or be carried by primitive means of transport across the snowy plateaus of Tibet. Some war materials may still be supplied by the Soviet Union, but hardly in great quantity. As the Japanese both land troops along the coast for a fresh push inland and attempt to follow the Burma road to its destination, the fate of China takes its place among the major anxieties of the United Nations.

It is in the highest degree difficult to gauge the Chinese capacity for successful resistance. The fact that they have been fighting a losing war for five years argues ability to continue. The Chinese have proved peculiarly adept at guerrilla warfare, but they have also had the force to resist drives by Japanese armies operating far from their bases in the interior. For such resistance a certain amount of war material which the Chinese cannot produce at home is a prerequisite. Recently their armies have been able to conserve material because many Japanese divisions were withdrawn for action elsewhere. Now with the liquidation of Dutch, American, and British resistance the Japanese can turn their main armies against a China deprived of its major sources of supply. It is entirely possible that the tough, long-suffering Chinese will be able to weather the current Japanese attacks. Nevertheless, this campaign offers the greatest threat to the cause of the United Nations in Asia that has been faced up to the present. And since it is primarily a land threat, American naval and air demonstrations in the southwestern Pacific may only slightly affect its outcome.

More dangerous to our cause in the Far East than our continually deteriorating strategic position has been the caliber of our military leadership. Our foes have been more numerous, but they have also been better led. Of the military chiefs in the Far East only MacArthur has so far shown anything approaching the originality in offensive action, the mastery of men, the easy familiarity with the usual and the ability both to meet and to provide the unusual which great generalship entails. A complete lack of imagination and even of any ability to foresee the obvious, combined with consistent underestimation of an abler opponent, has brought one disaster after another in the Far East. We have lacked not only equipment and man-power but brain power as well. The Far East is not a secondary front; it is a second main front. Makeshifts and hurried improvisation have not been equal to solving our problem. Only bigger and better-trained forces, infinitely better led, can win our land wars in the Far East.

Is Lewis Licked?

BY JAMES A. WECHSLER

Washington, June 5

IT WAS supposed to be The Return of John L. Lewis. All the phlegmatic plug-uglies and the devoted machine-men and the obsequious hangers-on and the beaming relatives were present. They plodded into the basement of the United Mine Workers' Building, into the room where the walls are covered with photographs and caricatures of John L. Lewis. They listened attentively when he spoke, they applauded when he paused, they rubber-stamped his recommendations, they voted when he gave the signal to bounce Phil Murray. It was reminiscent of the old days, except for the handful of dissidents led by "Pat" Fagan, president of District 5, one of the few U. M. W. chiefs who are elected by their members rather than handpicked by John L. Lewis. It was the same show in outline, and yet it was unconvincing, lifeless. In that stuffy, smoke-filled basement John L. Lewis still was boss. But it was a pretty exclusive audience.

While this meeting of the U. M. W.'s policy committee was in session, the executive board of the C. I. O. also assembled. Lewis wasn't present. Neither were any of his loyal lieutenants or his daughter or his brother. They all had other engagements on the day that the C. I. O. executive board unanimously denounced John L. Lewis for "hampering the war effort" and branded him a "grave menace" to labor throughout the world. Nobody in the hall got up to defend the former president of the C. I. O.

For the first time Murray, the soft-spoken Scotsman whom Lewis chose to succeed him as C. I. O. president, told his story in public. He told how Lewis's agents had tried to undermine him from the moment that he assumed leadership. He told how Lewis himself had begged and bullied in an effort to persuade Murray to join the fight against Franklin D. Roosevelt's foreign policy last October. He told how organizers for District 50—Lewis's "catch-all union"—were hired on condition that they help disrupt the C. I. O. He charged that Lewis was "hell bent on creating national disunity and discontent." He insisted that he had tried to avoid a head-on collision—which was true—but that Lewis refused to tolerate support of Roosevelt by the man he envisaged as his puppet. He blasted the frail excuse—

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"he has other jobs"—which Lewis had offered for ousting him from the vice-presidency of the Mine Workers.

Murray spoke with obvious reluctance and solemnity, but he was fighting mad. It had taken two years of "cold war" by Lewis and his agents to provoke this blast. This time Murray pulled no punches; he pledged himself to carry the fight to the rank-and-file of the miners, served clear notice that Lewis—for the first time since John Brophy's losing battle in 1927—faced a struggle for control of the United Mine Workers' Union.

There was a weak, if significant, retort. Twenty-four hours after his former lieutenant and "former friend" had talked back to him in headline words, Lewis accused Murray of "casting his lot with Communists" and piously declared that the issue was "the United Mine Workers of America versus communism." He indicated that unless Murray stopped associating with the Communists whom Lewis had hired for jobs and put into posts of power, the U. M. W. would take his union card away from him. After what had already happened, the threat was pretty puny. Murray had stated his readiness for a struggle that would be waged in every mining town.

So labor faces a new civil war. Lewis has lost the C. I. O.; so far he has failed to make peace with the A. F. of L. in the style that he desires. But he maintains fundamental control over a vital union. His "provisional" presidents—"provisional" means appointed by Lewis rather than elected by the membership—rule twenty of the union's thirty-one districts. To be precise, 71 per cent of the U. M. W. membership is deprived of the right to elect its own district officers. Lewis does not intend to relax this dictatorship, and the revolt against it is no simple assignment. So long as he rules the U. M. W. he remains a factor in labor politics.

More important than his control of the Mine Workers is his continuing partnership with William Hutcheson, czar of the A. F. of L. building trades. Lewis's rule of the U. M. W. saves him from oblivion; his contacts with the A. F. of L. hierarchy alone can restore him to eminence. There is pretty convincing testimony that Hutcheson inspired the newest A. F. of L. bid for "unity" with the C. I. O. It is all the more significant that Daniel J. Tobin, boss of the Teamsters, introduced the resolution which Hutcheson wanted. William Green is understood to have given Murray private assurance that he will not join in any Lewis-dictated peace scheme. But there is no assurance that Green's desires will prevail over Hutcheson's plans. The fact which is too little noticed is that Hutcheson—the A. F. of L.'s leading isolationist before Pearl Harbor and a staunch Republican fellow-traveler—still exerts major influence over A. F. of L. policy. Only the threat of condemnation by President Roosevelt has kept Hutcheson quiet in recent months. One of these days he may start talking. If he does, and if Tobin clumsily or purposefully agrees to serve Lewis's ends, the president of the United Mine Workers may raise a lot of hell before the summer ends.

It is against the background of this possibility that Lewis's current status must be weighed. In a last and desperate stroke he has invoked the slogan of anti-communism for his crusade against Murray. It is too easily forgotten that Lewis himself shared his bed with the Communists throughout the months of the Nazi-Soviet pact; the fact is that Communist influence—largely as a result of Lewis's regime—remains strong within the C. I. O. and a source of perpetual irritation to the right-wing bigwigs of the A. F. of L. A lot of other people will fall for Lewis's anti-Communist manifestos. Within the miners' union, where little awareness exists of the true issues dividing Lewis and Murray, this will become a powerful weapon. Outside the miners' union it will attract to Lewis the allegiance of diverse elements which share only their hostility to the U. S. S. R.

Lewis is the chief factor diverting labor from the war effort. He has already succeeded in shifting labor's eyes from such momentous issues as the scuttling of the tax bill to the issue of John L. Lewis. He has absorbed the attention of labor chiefs who should be worrying about production. He cannot be ignored because he thrives on the preoccupation of his enemies; he cannot be dealt with fully because there are too many other things to do. His power will not be finally shattered until he is robbed of control of the Mine Workers' Union. That can be accomplished only if Murray and his adherents are prepared to devote a large measure of their time and energy to the process in the coming months: It seems inconceivable that they can win at the coming U. M. W. convention in October. They have at least a two-year war on their hands, requiring large-scale preparation.

Lewis still retains certain assets—domination of a powerful union, close relations with high A. F. of L. leaders, ability to devote almost all his time to his private wars. These remaining resources, however, are far from overwhelming. I recite them only because the game of burying him has so often ended in disaster. Lewis is ruthless, shrewd, tough-minded—and very much alive.

Yet convincing evidence is emerging that the sweep of events has turned against him. It was no sudden surge of patriotism which prompted him, on the day that the C. I. O. board let loose its full indictment, to protest that he had not "detracted one whit or jot" from the war effort. This was his first public pronouncement since the day after Pearl Harbor. Where had he been? He had been plotting and pursuing his personal feuds. He had been raiding C. I. O. unions. He had been firing organizers who refused to join the anti-Murray cabal. He had been noisily buying war bonds while other union leaders mapped plans for expanded production.

But the swift and sudden C. I. O. attack forced him

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into the open. He even extended full support, in one sentence, to the "commander-in-chief" in the prosecution of the war. After ten days of intense deliberation his policy committee emerged with the resolute declaration that it was in favor of defeating the Axis. The gestures may seem slight, but they were a sign of Lewis's retreat. He had hoped to sit this one out; he was forced to stand up and get in line.

The man he fears most is still President Roosevelt. I am reliably informed that F. D. R. was drafting a letter praising Murray and condemning his critics on the morning that Lewis, altering his own time-table, abruptly removed Murray from the vice-presidency of the United Mine Workers. By ignoring the pending charges against Murray and invoking his arbitrary constitutional authority, Lewis forestalled the President's move. The haste was a measure of his uneasiness. And Roosevelt's opposition to any new Lewis dream is a major barrier against its realization.

Simultaneously he faces a full-fledged revolt within District 50 of the U. M. W., which he originally conceived of as the foundation for a new labor empire. When the vote on the ouster of Murray by the executive board was ordered, only one man said "no." It was Martin Wagner, former president of District 50 and later its representative on the executive board. When Wagner was booted upstairs last summer he didn't break with the Lewis machine, but he told intimates, "Some day I'll cast a vote that will vindicate me." He did. Now Wagner has resigned from the U. M. W. and is leading in the establishment of an independent union embracing the rebellious District 50 locals. The insurgents already have enlisted more than half the district's membership of about 26,000. Only the dairy farmers' unit—"the cowboys"—shunned the revolt. Lewis's surviving fragment of the "new labor movement" is now led almost exclusively by goons and sycophants with little talent or enterprise of their own.

The recent convention of the steelworkers' union was a further rebuff to Lewis. In key areas steel plants parallel coal mines; and the steel union indisputably belongs to Murray. Although Lewis tried to build a bloc against Murray, the effort was a dismal failure, as was shown by the long and tumultuous booing which oblique references to Lewis evoked on the convention floor. When Murray and his cohorts launch their campaign in the miners' union, the sentiment of steel will make itself felt.

So Lewis remains a diversion and a danger, but he is on the defensive. Through his hatred for Roosevelt he has lost any chance to play a part in the worldwide war against fascism. He is once again the emissary of reactionary Republicans to the labor movement; their weaknesses are his. He is labor's unhappiest warrior, looking for battlegrounds on which to carry out his local personal maneuvers. Having shared his bed with the Communists for long and ardent months, he will now carry on a red-baiting drive throughout the nation; there will be no attempt to distinguish between orthodox Stalinists and supporters of the Soviet armies. He has borrowed the celebrated tactic of rule or ruin; in the coming months there is little chance that he will rule.

In the Wind

RALPH B. STRASSBERGER, who has been associated with fascists like Manfred Zapp and George Sylvester Viereck, has just been elected to the Board of Directors of the New York Chamber of Commerce. When the German White Paper on Poland appeared, Strassberger financed its publication by ordering 17,000 copies. Last year he gave $500,000 to Vichy French relief organizations.

THE COMMUNIST PARTY is expelling members who do not buy war bonds and stamps. An Oregon Communist was the first to go under this ruling.

REPRESENTATIVE WILLIAM D. BARRY of Queens County, New York, is adept at working both sides of the street. He is so open an appeaser that he said not long before Pearl Harbor. "Not only can we trade with Hitler but we can make a nice profit doing it." But he also attended the Free World dinner of a month ago. Although all the speakers and most of the guests were Barry's political enemies, the Queens isolationist applauded every speech and said that he thought the Free World group was doing "a great job."

AN EXPLANATION now current in Washington of the discrepancy between the Bridges and Browder cases is that the President knew weeks ago that Biddle intended to deport Bridges but for reasons best known to himself decided not to interfere. In order at least to even the scales he freed Browder.

HENRY FORD will testify in favor of a new federal prohibition law before the Senate on June 22. Ford and others who will appear have been invited by Senators Bilbo, Capper, and O'Daniel. . . . The source of a good deal of the present anti-liquor agitation is said to be the International Temperance Union, whose headquarters are in Switzerland. Robert Herrod, a Swiss Nazi, is head of the organization, and much of the material in prohibition literature now circulating is drawn from books and articles by him.

THE NEW YORK *POST* has stopped demanding that the Senate investigate its charges that Senator David I. Walsh frequented a low dive in Brooklyn that was a hangout for Nazi agents. . . . A Washington grand jury has stopped its examination of evidence on Hamilton Fish's alleged connections with Nazi agents, for no publicly stated reasons.

[*The $5 prize for the best item received in May goes to Leo Bogart of 1438 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., for the items from German broadcasts published May 16.*]

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BOOKS and the ARTS

America's Task in Asia

AMERICA IN THE NEW PACIFIC. By George E. Taylor. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

BECAUSE the United States assiduously exported to the Far East ideas, ideals, and standards which were utterly antagonistic to Japan's ideas and way of life, this country is now forced to fight a war for survival and for the future ideological domination of a reawakening Asia. That, in brief, is the central argument and inspiration for "America in the New Pacific," an arresting and penetrating study of our conflict with Japan, the causes of that conflict, and some of the tremendous issues which will have to be faced when we have won the war.

Mr. Taylor spent two years in the Far East, largely in Japan, North China, and Manchuria, and besides traveling widely gained a valuable background by teaching in several Chinese universities. His, therefore, is not one of the catch-as-catch-can assessments of the problem of the Orient but a thoughtful study based upon real information and valuable contacts.

This is not one of the too plentiful "my country, right or wrong" books. In fact, the author frankly states that Americans are entitled to a bad conscience because they failed to act decisively before Japan had reduced millions of Chinese to death and starvation, before the Japanese Empire developed an industrial base in Manchuria, and "before it threw the subject peoples of Southeast Asia into a bloody and devastating war."

Mr. Taylor holds that we could not properly plead ignorance concerning Japan's methods and intentions. Formosa, Korea, Manchuria, and China told the tale with shocking clarity, he says, and he charges Japan's militarists with smashing political parties, destroying trade unions, steadily reducing the standard of living at home in order to purchase munitions abroad. Such people, he says, can hardly be expected to spread prosperity, education, social reform, and free competition in the lands they overrun.

Ultimate conflict between the United States and Japan was inevitable, the book declares, because this country exported a belief in the possibility of the rising standard of living, the assumption that all men should have freedom to use the raw materials of the world to acquire wealth, and the conviction that freedom of enterprise jointly benefits the individual and the state. American policy, it is contended, was in the main based upon the theory that this country's safety and prosperity would be enhanced as more and more peoples of the Far East became westernized in thought and ways under free political institutions.

Britain's present desperate plight as an imperial and colonial power is shrewdly assayed. Mr. Taylor declares that the British have taken with them to their colonies the weapons for their own eventual defeat—the ideas of law, of nationalism, and of political democracy. Even if Britain yields to native demands only under pressure, such yielding, he argues, is vastly better than what subject peoples could expect from Japan. Would Nehru have been left alive by Japanese rulers, he asks? Does Japan introduce education which cultivates "dangerous thoughts"? And then he points out with devastating sarcasm that there is a vast difference between forcing health and sanitary measures upon subject peoples and forcing them to buy opium and use narcotics.

Going back to historical beginnings, the author says that we in 1942 are now called upon to complete a struggle for place, power, and prestige in the Far East which we began in 1853 when we forced the opening of Japan. Nearly a century ago, seeking to anticipate the British, we forced Japan to abandon its long isolation. At that time we sought coaling stations and naval bases to insure the safety of our trade route to China. Today, he says, we are fighting Japan for the leadership of Asia—"the highest stakes man has ever conceived—the future of Asia and all its people." We are fighting, we are told, to prevent the "predatory monopoly state of Japan from conquering the raw materials and harnessing the labor power of Asia for further conquests."

The point is well made that the Asiatic peoples already dominated by Japan, as well as those subject to Britain, Holland, and France, look to this country for leaders and champions in their fight for freedom or autonomy. The following excerpts from Mr. Taylor's book are of extreme significance:

> It would be quite possible to fight and win the war without the assistance and even with the sullen opposition of the people of Asia. The other choice is to enlist, so far as possible, the good-will and cooperation of Asiatic peoples against Japan, to pay the price that will be demanded, and, if necessary, to compel our allies to do the same. . . .
>
> The British and Dutch empires can accept change forced upon them, but they have too much imperial history to lead a movement which can organize and vitalize the peoples of Asia who are threatened by Japan. They can follow, if it is clear they must. . . . They will not accept American solutions of the problems of Asia with a genial glow of good-will, but they will modify their imperial position if they have to.

Japan's war aims are analyzed with skill and insight. The author declares that according to the Japanese formula the "emancipation of the yellow race" means in essence stamping out all traces of the Americanization of education in the Orient, all traces of European liberalism, and all traces of Soviet communism. American forms of government and law must be outlawed, as must Christianity, labor legislation, civil liberties, and the eventual emancipation of women. The Japanese state is defined as a combination of political and economic monopoly, which is compelled to eliminate all competing ideas and to crush all intellectual movements threatening its stability at home or its conquests abroad.

"America in the New Pacific" might well be prescribed as "must" reading for all those who believe that a compromise peace with Japan is now or ever will be possible. It is a book which ably exposes our past errors of policy and with equal

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ability expounds some of the obligations with which we are almost certain to be saddled when we have won the war.

HALLETT ABEND

A Favorable Balance

NEW POEMS: 1942. AN ANTHOLOGY OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN VERSE. Edited by Oscar Williams. Peter Pauper Press. $3.

THE second of Mr. Williams's anthologies may be a little better than the first, published last year as "New Poems: 1940," though I cannot find anything in the new one that strikes me as quite up to Empson's Missing Dates, which seems to me a poem in a lifetime. But comparison of the two collections is not profitable. What, rather, is the merit of this book, and what purpose does it serve? Does it make current enough good poetry to justify it? I think that it does. I do not like anthologies, but I like anthologies better than nothing. For this is an age in which they are peculiarly valuable: books by young poets, and some books by older poets, do not sell. It is a difficulty easy to take advantage of, and we must be suspicious of new anthologists. Last year I was suspicious of Mr. Williams. Now I am convinced of his disinterested purposes, as I think anyone must be who has read his Introduction to "New Poems: 1942."

It is something at any rate to have given us, in the midst of the greatest war, eight or ten very fine poems. At the Grave of Henry James is the best Auden, though it is a little stuffed in places. Jarrell's 90 North and Shapiro's Scyros ought to prove to the most obdurate that we have at least two young poets—both are under thirty—who could have more than held their own back in the twenties, which are now referred to as the good old days of poetry. Blackmur's Missa Vocis is very Yeatsian, more than it needs to be, but it remains a very good poem. I miss here Warren's Terror, which must have been available—it is Warren's best poem—yet the four pieces representing this poet are among his best and ought to remind us of the injustice which has kept his reputation somewhat private. Miss Rukeyser's Ajanta, a poem based upon a Hindu myth, I admire greatly: it has a close texture and controlled rhythms; and the poetry is all *in* the poem, not three-fourths of it participating merely by allusion to some field of Miss Rukeyser's sympathies, like the proletariat or airplanes. (I confess that Miss Rukeyser's poetry has hitherto bored me.) W. R. Rodgers's End of a World is interesting, but beyond the fact that it is a war poem I do not know what it is; I like it line by line, but having read it four times without being able to remember anything in it, I begin to suspect that the fault is not wholly mine.

The poems by Jarrell, Shapiro, and Rodgers are all war poems. There are other war poems which I shall not cite, but I shall cite two more, making four (counting Rodgers out), very brilliant examples of war verse. One of the best poems of this war was written in 1932, The Return, by John Peale Bishop; it has been published many times, but I think that Mr. Williams is right in claiming it as new. It is one of the leading poems of our time. Horace Gregory's Voices of Heroes has a very good chance to survive as the best poem by an American which has been directly prompted by this war. It is nonsense to complain that we are not getting good war poetry. Unless my memory betrays me, it is better than the poetry of the last war. Its range is greater; it takes in more of the total human experience; there is now much less of think-only-this-of-me, and a more intelligent awareness that war poetry ought to be poetry, not merely complaint.

Not all the verse in this book is good, or even good enough to be in it; much of it is the price we've had to pay for Auden's best, which, imitated, sounds like his worst. I have singled out some of the good things in order to correct a balance in favor of the poets, who are good enough today for any age. In times of peace the industrialists, the bankers, and the statesmen get credit for "civilization"; in time of war the imaginative writer gets credit for its fall. This hollow and possibly ominous nonsense will prevail for a while, but unless Mr. Williams wished to convict Mr. MacLeish of special pleading in connection with the Proust-caused-the-fall-of-France theory, I can see no reason for the presence of MacLeish's The Spanish Dead in this book. It is the worst poem in it; it is hortatory, insipid, and unfinished. Let us, in kindness to MacLeish, hold the belief that although the poets are not irresponsible, his own verse has gone sour for a while.

There is good new work by Stevens (not his best), by Spender and Thomas and Spencer, but not, alas, by Schwartz and MacNeice. Three new women poets will bear watching: Jean Garrigue, Gene Derwood, and Ruth Herschberger. I hope that Mr. Williams will do this job again.

ALLEN TATE

History of Canada

A SHORT HISTORY OF CANADA FOR AMERICANS. By Alfred Leroy Burt. University of Minnesota Press. $3.

WHY do historians write histories—to trace the causes of contemporary unheavals back to their sources in previous generations, or merely to tell the story of the past? If the first answer is correct, then Dr. A. L. Burt's latest book on Canada, "A Short History of Canada for Americans," is a notable failure, but if the second answer is correct it is a notable success. Dr. Burt is a native Canadian who is now professor of history at the University of Minnesota. He tells the story of Canada's origin and growth in lucid and readable prose. Much that he has to say about Canada's part in the American Revolution and the War of 1812 will be new to his American public; all of it will be interesting.

But how does it happen that Canada, which has been close to the American New Deal for ten years, is the least progressive of all the English-speaking nations? This is no rhetorical question. It is a factual one which people who write books about Canada ought to get their teeth into. It is a question which should intrigue historians, because Canada was once the most liberal of countries. Its western provinces pioneered in workmen's compensation, in mother's allowances, in social services. But a blight descended upon our social consciousness; radicalism became conservativism. Something has happened to Canada, and the something is not good.

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Even to begin to discuss Canada's retrogression in a book review is impossible. The best I can do is to mention several of Dr. Burt's rather glaring omissions. The first is the great Winnipeg general strike of 1919. This strike was broken, but during its six weeks it was one of the solidest and wildest ever staged. In it was the culmination of the ideological war which had raged in the organized labor movement for a decade. It was the war between craft and industrial unionism which in the United States led to the Congress of Industrial Organizations. In Canada it led to the One Big Union. After the failure of the Winnipeg strike the O. B. U. was beaten, and the craft unions triumphed.

Until the strike unionism was on the march. After the strike it went into a decline from which it is only now emerging. The hatreds spawned by the strike still flourish in Canada. Even today an Ontario industrial or mining magnate will froth at the mouth at the mere mention of unionism or the C. I. O. The labor movement is still hopelessly divided and will probably remain that way until its present leaders die.

There is no mention anywhere in this book of these important facts. Neither is there any mention of the American industrialization of Canada. Gustavus Myers's monumental study, "History of Canadian Wealth," is missing from the bibliography. We recommend it to Dr. Burt and to all other writers of books on Canada. JAMES H. GRAY

Orphans of the Western Star

THE WIND BLEW FROM THE EAST: A STUDY IN THE ORIENTATION OF AMERICAN CULTURE. By Ferner Nuhn. Harper and Brothers. $3.

BOOKS about every conceivable aspect of American life and culture have been coming out thick and fast these last few years, but their common fault is that they are mostly written out of the war-time impulse to inflate the national ego. The business of journalists is to cash in on emergencies, and nowadays the American subject matter is yielding high dividends. Happily, it can be said of Ferner Nuhn's volume that its quality is altogether of a finer sort. As a critical effort it has scale, and sufficient insight and seriousness to merit close scrutiny. The pieties that possess Mr. Nuhn run deep, and without speaking at the moment of what he finally makes of them, one can still say that he carries forward the search for America in the spirit of that vital company of native writers to whom the American character presented itself historically as a "fascinating" problem. The effects of this fascination, of this tall measure of devotion, are writ large in our critical literature. Most of the famous testaments of our cultural history owe to it their verve in undertaking successively fresh appraisals of the New World experience; it serves at once as their goad and their charm. Its operation is everywhere manifest in such works as Emerson's "American Scholar," Whitman's "Democratic Vistas," James's biography of Hawthorne, Adams's "Education," the letters and essays of Randolph Bourne, and the passionate preachments of Van Wyck Brooks in the earlier period of his career, prior to his fall into the desperately amiable ancestor-worship of the "Flowering" and "Indian Summer."

Working under this spell, Mr. Nuhn's critical voice takes on the resonance of a close association with his antecedents. At the same time he is not unselective in his approach to the past. In his straight-out, one might say in his functional, loyalties he takes his stand almost exclusively with Emerson and Whitman—the true "votaries of the Western star." But in this first volume, which we are told is the opening part of a trilogy whose object is to fathom anew the American socio-cultural tradition, he is mainly concerned, after establishing a few basic definitions, with the fate of the New World spirit when it returns to the Old World inheritance, when it listens to the alluring "message of the East Wind" —the message of wealth, ease, and grace, aristocratic form and ancient status. To illustrate this side of what he calls the "two-way pull in American culture," or the East-versus-West argument, he chooses three men who, as against Emerson and Whitman, might well be named the orphans of the Western star: Henry James, Henry Adams, and T. S. Eliot. And Mr. Nuhn chooses them not simply because they went back—"to Mother England, Mother Church, and twelfth-century France"—but because he believes that we are still mystified as to precisely in what character they turned away from their native land. "There is a kind of enchantment," he writes, "about these pilgrimages, a witchery of the time and place dimensions."

What interests him in his three leading figures is, above all, the complex and contradictory psychology of their work. Mr. Nuhn's chief aptitude seems to be for psychological analysis of the historical and national meanings of literary art. His method receives its fullest elaboration in the chapter on James, which is easily the best in the book. Though by no means the most complete study of this novelist, it is in some respects the most far-reaching and brilliant, it seems to me, that has so far appeared: and that, in view of the very extensive critical comment on James that has become available in the past few decades, is saying a good deal. Mr. Nuhn is not dazzled by James's lustrous plumage of high civilization or by his pure-art ceremonials; nor does he permit his strongly "American" bias to push him into that systematic misunderstanding and denigration of James to which critics like Parrington and Brooks have been impelled—the former by a narrow sociological emphasis and the latter by an obscure and unhealthy emotion of nationalist self-inclosure. In this new estimate James retains his central position as an archetypal American character and as a very great artist; yet he is shown to be entangled in an "unbroken web of illusion," shown to be inhabiting an "enchanted kingdom" whose princes and princesses have the faculty of turning into wizards and witches. This insight is demonstrated with uncommon skill in the long commentary on "The Golden Bowl," which is here for once dissected in such a way as to expose the life within its encrusted artistry. The conclusion is that "as the bride of art James had torn the veil. . . . As the bride of life, however, he tended to leave the mystery all the more mysterious." This gives us a James all the better able to survive the test of time because he is not artificially purged of his contradictions, and one in whom a number of conflicting critical valuations are finally, though perhaps somewhat precariously, reconciled.

The analysis of Adams is almost equally good, though not nearly so definitive. He is pictured as a man torn between

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the Law of the Fathers and the Law of the Mothers, who at last found in the image of the Virgin a historical sanction for his ultimate choice. It is in the chapter on Eliot, however, that crucial weaknesses of argument and attitude come to light. The exegesis of "The Waste Land" adds very little to what other students have already discovered, while the approach to Eliot's work as a whole is distorted by a peculiar animosity which must be characterized as an inexcusable lapse not only from good taste but from justice. The point is that, despite all his strivings, Mr. Nuhn fails to place Eliot within his American perspective as securely as he places James and Adams, and this is perhaps one source of his animus. One can grant him his observation that Eliot dropped his New England–Middle Western heritage "too completely for nature or truth," but in itself this dark fact casts no shadow on the worth of his poems or on the validity of his aesthetic and metaphysical ideas. These must surely be probed on their own ground, which is that of the total modern problem and not of any special American revelation. Yet even so, Mr. Nuhn discloses a certain side of Eliot which has hitherto been but meagerly considered.

To my mind this book stands or falls by what it specifically contributes to our understanding of its three central "characters." For in so far as it attempts to work out a new synthesis, I cannot see where it succeeds. The last chapter, for instance, given over as it is to an all-inclusive discussion of the national scene and outlook, strikes me as oracular and Emersonian in the bad sense. But to judge Mr. Nuhn's position fairly, we must wait for the completion of his trilogy.

PHILIP RAHV

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Questions and Answers

THE UNFINISHED TASK: ECONOMIC RECONSTRUCTION FOR DEMOCRACY. By Lewis Corey. The Viking Press. $3.

THE STRENGTH OF NATIONS: A SOCIAL SURVEY. By George Soule. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THESE books are signs of the resilience of the human mind in the face of crisis, and of the courage with which men of thought, even at the cost of logical structures which they themselves have erected, seek new values when the old have failed them. Both Mr. Corey and Mr. Soule have had the fortitude to search for new intellectual foundations and to begin to build again.

"The Strength of Nations" is the less ambitious of the two books, because it only asks questions, but in a way it is the more radical, because the questions are devastating. Mr. Soule challenges the self-sufficiency of the compartmented scientific disciplines. His purpose is to blast away the priestly ritual by which scientists in any field, but particularly social scientists, have abstracted their dogma from the lore of mankind and from the continuity of energy, matter, and life. He feels that all forms of knowledge are interdependent, and that the sciences can and should be arranged in a progression, from the inorganic (chemistry, physics) through the organic (medicine, psychiatry) to the super-organic (economics, sociology). He suggests certain principles, such as the first and second law of thermodynamics, which apply to all sciences; but in practice his most fruitful comparisons bridge the gap between psychiatry and the social sciences.

Mr. Soule is a universalist trying to see life whole. He knows that each scientific discipline is an abstraction—by derivation a "drawing away from"; and he seeks to replace in the context from which they were taken those qualities which have been drawn away from the totality of life for specialized study. The results are stimulating but necessarily a little vague. Anyone is welcome to take up where Mr. Soule leaves off.

Mr. Corey is more ambitious; he tries to supply systematic answers at least in tentative form. He is less radical because he has tried to revise ingrown, compartmented economic theory from only one new frame of reference; but that new frame is so important that it has demanded of him the courage to change his entire point of view, and in particular to cast out much of the Marxist dogma in which he formerly believed. The value which he sets above all others is freedom. He is concerned with both political and economic freedom, with the freedom of groups as well as of individuals. Conversely, he hates all massive, centralized power, whether it occurs in the state or in industry. He feels that the vicious core of all dictatorships is that both political and economic power have come to rest in the hands of a single unchecked oligarchy. (For Mr. Soule it is complete emotional dependence on the father image.) The first principle of his program, therefore, is the separation of economic and political power.

This, however, is not the familiar conservative cry of hands off business. Corey has no intention of allowing business to continue on its own regressive way of monopoly, of enforced scarcity, of unemployment, and of cyclical depres-

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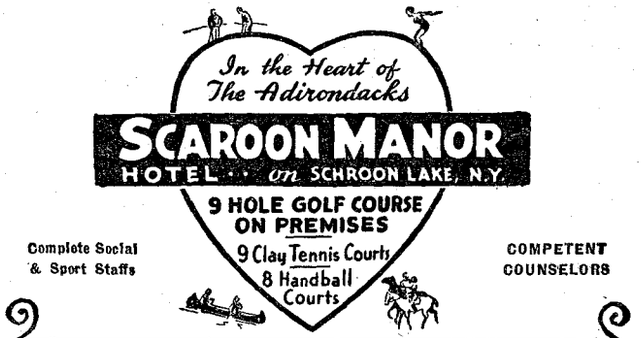
sions. His second principle is that a way must be devised to break monopoly power, to democratize industry, and to force it to produce continuously and abundantly. Now it is easy to develop the first principle without the second; this is the conservative program. It is also easy to develop the second principle without the first; this is the social-planning program, to which most progressives today adhere. The ambitious task which Corey has set himself is the systematic development of economic arrangements which will satisfy both. He wants full production without bureaucratic controls.

Corey, like almost every other economist not on the pay roll of a bank, agrees that our failure to reach and maintain full production is traceable to an unbalance between saving and investment. To correct this unbalance, one can either increase investment, which enhances the material well-being of the community, or decrease savings, which creates a maximum of stability at the expense of progress. Most progressives believe that we must stimulate new investment either by pressure on business or by direct government investment. Mr. Corey rules out the former by an elaborate and, to me, unconvincing demonstration of the inevitable diminishment of opportunities for new investment; and he denounces the latter on the ground that it leads to totalitarianism by combining economic and political power in the same hands.

He therefore searches for a means of reducing savings. It is regrettable, since he lays so much emphasis on this, that he has not undertaken a statistical analysis of the flow of all savings in the community; he is a master at that sort of investigation. Instead, he proposes arbitrarily to bar one group, the large monopoly corporations and their stockholders, from saving by transforming a thousand or so of these giants into public corporations. The sins of the monopolies are many, and I have no desire to defend them; but it seems to me that when Corey avowedly attacks them as excessive savers, he really is reacting against the unchecked and irresponsible power of their executives, which is another matter entirely and should be differently handled. Corey charges that by means of all the familiar devices the monopoly corporations make excessive profits, but he does not show that they have accumulated swollen balances of uninvested savings. It is true that he refers to the concentration of ownership, but if it is the stockholders who are doing much of the saving (as they are), then the problem is one of the economic behavior of wealthy individuals, which may be modified in ways other than those which Mr. Corey proposes. Furthermore, there is a basic contradiction in the analysis: it claims both that investment opportunities are falling and that the rate of profit is too high. This confusion infects details: for instance, on page 250 Corey states that monopolies need little if any new capital from the public, while on page 251 he charges them with piling up too many new capital claims.

Corey's ideal public corporation resembles the TVA. Small industry he wishes to leave alone. In the large corporations technical and managerial skills will be unleashed for full production with a minimum of interference from government or, for that matter, from labor. He provides a valuable attack on Burnham's notion that technical managerial dominance must lead to fascism. He would set goals of full production at low cost for management, and reward performance. He would allow enough profit to take care of replace-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ment and expansion needs, but considers excessive profits as inefficient as losses. Whether the government would ever be repaid its capital investment, or even reimbursed for current interest, Corey does not say. It would be interesting to know if such charges could be met without making the public corporations behave very much like their private fellows.

And what is to prevent the managerial experts from juggling replacement reserves and maintenance charges, just as corporations now do, to obtain the desired fiscal results? Government supervision, perhaps? But would that not place ultimate power exactly where Corey does not want it? And thus would not Corey's program not only fail to improve politically upon that of the advocates of government investment, but actually be inferior to it economically? In the end the question of progressive economic arrangements in a democracy is not whether we should establish a strong central authority but simply whether such authority can be subjected to the control of the people. HAROLD STRAUSS

Mr. Jefferson

JEFFERSON. By Saul K. Padover. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.

THOMAS JEFFERSON: WORLD CITIZEN. By Senator Elbert D. Thomas. Modern Age Books. $2.75.

APRIL 13 of this year was the 199th anniversay of the birth of the most remarkable man this country has yet produced, and one of the most remarkable of any country. One "of the choice ones of the earth," Mrs. Abigail Adams called him. He was a statesman equal to our greatest; he was also a revolutionary, philosopher, philanthropist, agriculturalist, inventor, musician, architect, cultivated man of the world, and great democrat. "Too much in earnest in his democracy," said Alexander Hamilton, in a phrase which tells as much about its author as about Jefferson.

Senator Thomas quotes James Truslow Adams as saying that "without Hamilton the new nation might have disintegrated." That may be true, but it seems more certainly true that, as Mr. Adams goes on to say, "without Jefferson it would have lost its soul and that faith which has made it different from others." That faith is a belief in the rights of man based on confidence in the ordinary man. Jefferson's whole political philosophy was founded on a belief in the universal validity of the distinction between right and wrong—"I know of but one code of morality for men, whether acting singly or collectively." A generation which sees this principle challenged on a scale hitherto scarcely imagined may take heart from his comment on Bonaparte: had he "reflected that such is the moral construction of the world that no national crime passes unpunished in the long run, he would not now be in the cage of St. Helena."

Senator Thomas not only considers Jefferson the great antithesis of Machiavelli as a political philosopher; he compares him as a moral philosopher to Confucius. Certainly in their views on the supreme value of education they had much in common. But Jefferson had a firm belief in progress; and in this, as in his flexibility, his universality, and his intellectual curiosity, as well as in the philosophical balance and spiritual harmony remarked by Mr. Padover, "one of the few individuals who can compare with him . . . was his contemporary, the German poet Goethe." If he lacked Goethe's emotional depth and original creative genius, he equaled him in the qualities just mentioned and far surpassed him as a citizen and a man of action. And his simplicity of character was natural where Goethe's was perhaps achieved.

How truly extraordinary his simplicity was is best shown in the often-quoted epitaph which he composed for the small obelisk he wished placed over his grave at Monticello: "Here Was Buried Thomas Jefferson, Author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia." He was also Minister to France, Secretary of State, Vice-President, and twice President of the United States; but it did not occur to Jefferson, philosopher and friend of mankind, to think of these opportunities for service as distinctions. "It seemed," wrote a French traveler, the Marquis de Chastellux, "as if from his youth he had placed his mind, as he has done his house, on an elevated situation, from which he might contemplate the universe."

If neither Senator Thomas's nor Mr. Padover's book contains all of Jefferson, they complement each other admirably. The latter is a full-length biography of Jefferson the man, the former a series of topical studies of Jefferson the political and moral philosopher, by a political disciple. Senator Thomas is inclined to sermonize, and the total impression produced is thus one of paraphrase. Mr. Padover conveys a very clear picture of Jefferson as a person as he appeared in action. He makes a few rather one-sided historical assumptions—about the Monroe Doctrine, for example—and lays a good deal of emphasis on timely parallels. Both books lack the distinction of style which their subject deserves. Mr. Padover sometimes lapses into colloquialisms and journalese. Senator Thomas's style is tinged with what Byron, a contemporary of Jefferson's later years, called "enthusiasm." Nevertheless, both books are interesting and important reading for these critical times. Together they reveal a great man who lived through eighty-three years of one of the most critical periods in history and never lost faith in the triumph of democracy. "It is part of the American character," he once wrote his daughter, "to consider nothing as desperate, to surmount every difficulty by resolution and contrivance."

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IN BRIEF

THE UNVANQUISHED. By Howard Fast. Duell, Sloan, and Pearce. $2.50.

The unvanquished of Mr. Fast's latest novel are the American Revolutionary army and its commander-in-chief, and if it is a far cry from the lifeless Father of His Country on which most of us were brought up to Mr. Fast's troubled and humble Virginia foxhunter, we are all the more moved by the new portrait. Mr. Fast has wisely limited his narrative to the awful period between the defense of Brooklyn Heights and the march on Trenton, and he gives us a Washington unequal in everything but spirit to the burden that was put upon him, a leader who, for instance, comforted himself through a sleepless night by feeling for the familiar pockmarks on his face. Mr. Fast's book is full of happy touches, and without implying any disparagement of a mature and well-documented novel, one finds in it something of the refreshing quality of a talented child's painting.

MUD ON THE STARS. By William Bradford Huie. L. B. Fischer. $2.75.

This is an accurate, disturbing social-political document of the South. Garth Lafavor comes from an old Alabama family which has fought in every generation for what it considers the American way of life. The present-day Garth sets out to find a present-day American way for which he too can fight, and in the course of his education brushes up against the extremes of social and economic struggle—race violence and union gangsterism, black reaction and ruthless radicalism. Fighting the TVA, which inundates his family lands, he learns that the government has to desert the few for the many; when he becomes a newspaperman in Birmingham and what he himself calls a "fascist whelp," he discovers that he has helped lynch two of his own Communist friends. At the end, with America at war, Garth has joined the army, pledged to destroy the enemies of democracy wherever he finds them. Mr. Huie calls his book a novel and insists in a preface that it is not autobiographical, but he supplies us with a dust-jacket sketch of his own life which corresponds with the life of his protagonist far too closely for comfort. Garth Lafavor's history is certainly not the less frightening for being familiar, nor is his final regeneration the more reassuring because what precedes it is told with disarming honesty: one wonders how far a person bred in prejudice and temperamentally so mercurial can be trusted even though he has confessed his sins and joined one's own team!

Drama Note

RAY BOLGER appears to have the time of his life as the warrior's husband in "By Jupiter" (Shubert Theater). The double meanings in the play about the Amazons and the Greeks, about Hercules and Diana, become triple when Mr. Bolger minces across the stage. (Needless to say one of the lines is "Boy meets girdle.") His light feet, faun face, insinuating—and wonderfully deft—movements, and his pretty costumes make the allusion complete. The Amazons who support him are good providers, particularly the blonde queen, Hippolyta (Benay Venuta) and her sister, Antiope, another smaller blonde (Constance Moore) who is shapely and has a very sweet voice. The invading Greeks are so handsome that they look like musical-comedy characters—except for Hercules and Homer, who are slapstick. Bolger himself drops into slapstick occasionally, but on the whole he carries off the much more difficult feat of balancing precariously on the edge of it.

Bolger's performance and the plot give zest and shape to what is in other respects a well-mounted musical hit designed by professionals who know what the summer trade demands in legs, leers, and lyrics. The tunes are pleasant, though none of them get caught in one's head. The funny lyrics are not quite clever enough; the best song in the show is the rather old-fashioned "Nobody's Heart Belongs to Me."

M. M.

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MUSIC

NEW YORK'S Metropolitan Museum of Art put on a special show of Rembrandt's paintings and etchings during the past winter; and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society, which has the same function in relation to music as the Metropolitan has to the plastic arts, put on a special six-concert show of Beethoven's nine symphonies, his Missa Solemnis, several of his overtures, and the Triple Concerto. Since a piece of music, unlike a painting, must be ever newly created as a form in living sound, the special character of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society's Beethoven show consisted partly in its choice of Toscanini to create the forms of Beethoven's works for the six concerts. And the choice was justified by the plastic beauty, the emotional significance and power of the forms he produced.

Though the concerts were interesting primarily for their presentations of Beethoven's works, they were interesting incidentally for other things. Involved in the presentations was the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, to which, in the ten or more seasons that he had conducted it, Toscanini had given a discipline, a sound, a style as distinctive as those of the Philadelphia Orchestra when conducted by Stokowski, or of the Boston Symphony when conducted by Koussevitzky. This discipline, sound, and style had departed from the orchestra when he had departed in 1936; and it was interesting to note their return with him at these Beethoven concerts. One would have supposed they had returned only after laborious inch-by-inch rehearsal; but actually nothing at the concerts was more breath-taking than what happened at the first moments of the first rehearsal, when Toscanini, with no preliminaries, simply began to conduct the orchestra for the first time after six years, and the orchestra began at once to play as though the interval had been only one day—when, that is, he began to convey his wishes through those largely moulding movements of the right arm, those subtly inflecting movements of the left hand, and the orchestra began to produce the razor-edge attacks, the radiant and beautifully shaped sonorities, the sharply contoured phrases, the transparent textures of balanced woodwinds or strings which those movements had elicited in April, 1936. For minutes at a time he continued to conduct and the orchestra continued to play in this way; only after such long stretches were there halts to go back and correct an imperfect balance, an unprecise rhythm, a wrong accent at one point, or work out the contour of a phrase at another; and at the end of one early rehearsal he turned to the finale of the First Symphony and, leading the orchestra through it without interruption, produced the performance of six or seven years ago in all its marvelously perfected detail.

The explanation of this is to be found partly—but only partly—in the fact that Toscanini carries the specific gifts for conducting—the ear for orchestral precision and sonority, the personal force and technique with which to achieve what the ear demands—to the point of sheer virtuosity to which they are carried by only two other men, Stokowski and Koussevitzky; that at these rehearsals he was dealing with an orchestra which he had in ten years made as phenomenally sensitized to his direction as the Philadelphia to Stokowski's, the Boston Symphony to Koussevitzky's—so sensitized as to be able to respond again to this direction after an interval of six years; and that he was conducting this orchestra in works which they had rehearsed and performed together a number of times. But the explanation is to be found also in the nature of Toscanini's musical conceptions—ths unfailing plastic continuity and coherence of the shapes he creates in sound moving in time. In such a progression the timing and force of one sound implies the timing and force of the next almost irresistibly; and it is the power of these implications, causing the many players in the orchestra to produce the next sound at the same point in time and with the right weight and color, that is partly responsible for the remarkable precision in Toscanini's performances, the extraordinary things the New York Philharmonic did at the first rehearsal.

Toscanini's feeling for the time element in the musical sound-time continuum is extraordinary; and its manifestations—in the choice of a tempo, in its subtle inflection, in its distention with increasing tension in the music, in the maintenance of proportion between successive tempos—are among the most distinctive characteristics of his performances. One hears, in the Missa Solemnis, the rightness of the pace of the Benedictus for the blessedness which the music is concerned with, and looking at the score one discovers that the pace is exactly the *Andante molto cantabile e non troppo mosso* which Beethoven prescribes; but Toscanini did not get his pace from this direction—he heard it in the music: with the same printed direction, but with not the same musical discernment, Koussevitzky causes the Benedictus to move at an *Andante* so *troppo mosso* as to be an *Allegretto.* Nor is it Beethoven's directions for the various parts of the Gloria or the Credo that give Toscanini the mutually related tempos which bind the parts into a continuous, coherent progression: with the same directions Koussevitzky produces awkward discontinuities. Again, though it is Beethoven who gives only one direction for the entire second movement of the Seventh Symphony, the entire Funeral March of the "Eroica," it is the necessities of Toscanini's own understanding of the music that cause him alone to establish a single unifying tempo for the various sections of the movement. And with no directions at all from Beethoven it is such necessities that produce the subtle inflection of this single tempo, the distentions that build up the fugato section of the Funeral March to a climax of shattering power.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Sprung Rhythm Defined

Dear Sirs: I have just had the pleasure of reading Mr. Guérard's letter to you on the subject of sprung rhythm (in *The Nation* for April 25), and in spite of a conviction that these matters should properly be conducted through private rather than public correspondence I would like to point out that in all my remarks on the subject of the use of sprung rhythm by poets since the year 1930 I had in mind the following definition:

"Sprung rhythm is the most natural of all things. For (1) it is the rhythm of common speech and of written prose, when rhythm is perceived in them. (2) It is the rhythm of all but the most monotonously regular music, so that in the words of choruses and refrains and in songs written closely to music it arises. (3) It is found in nursery rhymes, weather saws, and so on; because, however these may have been once made in running rhythm, the terminations having dropped off by the change of language, the stresses come together and so the rhythm is sprung. (4) It arises in common verse when reversed or counterpointed, for the same reason."

This definition I take from the Author's Preface to the "Poems" of Gerard Manley Hopkins, edited by Robert Bridges and pretty scandalously edited at that. GEORGE BARKER

Brooklyn, N. Y., June 5

A Pacific Charter Needed

Dear Sirs: The war in Europe is still desperately critical but is not going too badly for our side. The war in Asia, on the other hand, is still a nearly unbroken series of defeats and retreats. One reason is that the people of the conquered countries of Europe hate Nazi rule, refuse in general to collaborate, and sometimes fight their Nazi conquerors by sabotage and guerrilla warfare. But in Asia, except in the Philippines, that is not the case. The native populations of the Dutch East Indies, Burma, Malaya, and India regard conquest by the Axis as merely an exchange of masters, despite the genuine advances in self-government which they have made in recent years.

The Filipinos fought with us like tigers because they had already been given a great degree of self-government and were promised complete freedom, and because they clearly believed that our promises would be carried out. But the colonial inhabitants of other territories governed by some of the United Nations had no such reason for fighting.

To give assurance to the people of Asia that we are fighting for freedom and democracy there as elsewhere, President Roosevelt should call a conference of the United Nations which are most nearly concerned with the war in the Far East to promulgate a Pacific Charter similar to the Atlantic Charter.

When Churchill specifically stated, apparently without consulting President Roosevelt, that the Atlantic Charter did not apply to the Far East or to India, he dealt a severe blow to the morale of the native peoples in that region. A Pacific Charter of freedom for all colonial peoples, issued by a Pacific conference of the United Nations, would go far toward remedying this mistake. It is not too much to say that such a Pacific Charter is necessary to give full meaning and universality to Vice-President Wallace's noble pronouncement that this war is one to advance and safeguard the "revolution of the common man."

ALFRED BAKER LEWIS

New York, June 3

Two Kinds of Consul

Dear Sirs: The article and letters about American consuls abroad printed in your magazine recently were to me very interesting. About 1890 I was a seaman on a Philadelphia barkentine loaded with shooks for a Cuban port, from which we would bring molasses back to Boston. I was the seaman told off to sail the old man ashore when he went for his mail. His reception at the American consul's office was, "I ain't your postmaster! Go to the post office for your mail." After that, even a mellowing day at the American Hotel with his shipmaster cronies didn't smooth the captain out, and that afternoon on the way back to the ship he told me the story. The vessel was the barkentine E. J. McManamee, Captain Philpotts.

About two years later I was in a Boston bark—this time as second mate—loaded with lumber from Mobile, Alabama, to Sierra Leone, on the West Coast of Africa. We arrived on a Saturday afternoon and anchored only a stone's throw from shore. There's a swift current, and by the time we got two anchors down and sails stowed it was late. Next morning, Sunday, the first flag flying ashore was the Stars and Stripes, high, wide, and handsome, and around eight o'clock the American consul came off with our mail and to offer the facilities of his office to the captain. We were there a month, and the consul did everything possible to make our stay interesting. That consul was a Negro, Colonel Bouchier. As I remember, he had been an officer in a Negro regiment during the Civil War.

HENRY CHEQUER

Kingston, N. H., June 2

Correction

Dear Sirs: In your March 14 issue there appeared a full-page advertisement signed by "Citizens' Committee to Free Earl Browder." This advertisement set forth as sponsors of the "Free Browder movement," among others, "Dr. Bella V. Dodd, legislative representative, American Federation of Teachers, Local 5." Similar advertisements appeared in a number of daily papers throughout the United States at about the same time.

As counsel for the American Federation of Teachers, I have been directed to call your attention to and to protest against the unwarranted and wholly false impression that was given by this advertisement in the following particular: that the Teachers' Union of the City of New York, formerly Local 5 of the American Federation of Teachers, is still associated with the latter organization.

The fact is that through a long series of inter-union proceedings, all of which were the subject of much publicity in the city of New York, the charter of the Teachers' Union of the city of New York, formerly Local 5 of the American Federation of Teachers, was revoked. This revocation was, in the first instance, recommended by the Executive Council at its meeting in Chicago held February 15, 1941, and on following days, and thereafter voted on affirmatively in a national referendum of the entire membership of the American Federation of Teachers. Revocation of

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the charter was then conclusively affirmed by action of the National Convention of the American Federation of Teachers held at Detroit in August. Each and every one of these steps received thorough publicity.

Under these circumstances it is regrettable that your organ should permit its pages to be used to create a false impression that the New York Teachers' Union still has a charter in the American Federation of Teachers.

Lest any misunderstanding arise, we wish to state emphatically that the American Federation of Teachers has taken no stand either for or against the release of Mr. Browder, and does not hereby intend any reflection upon the action of the President in paroling him.

JOHN LIGTENBERG, Attorney for American Federation of Teachers

Chicago, June 4

Fourth Freedom at Nassau

Dear Sirs: The report that workers on the American air base at Nassau in the Bahama Islands have rioted in connection with their strike for decent wages instead of the beggarly 81 cents a day which they are now being paid is highly disquieting, for it indicates a complete disregard for at least one of President Roosevelt's Four Freedoms on the part of the employer.

The President demanded, among other things, freedom from want for everyone throughout the world. So far as this is a war for the Four Freedoms—and I in common with many others feel that it is—the strikers in Nassau are fighting our war, because 81 cents a day does not give anyone genuine freedom from want.

We cannot fairly place the responsibility on the British government. The American government directly or indirectly is the employer on those air bases, since we have leased them and are constructing them.

FRANK R. CROSSWAITH,
Chairman, Negro Labor Committee

New York, June 5

The Army and "The Nation"

Dear Sirs: A psychiatrist for the army induction post of Fort Jay upon seeing a copy of *The Nation* under my arm remarked, "I see you read *The Nation.* You'll get over such pseudo-liberalism after you've been in the army a while."

PRIVATE H. G. F.

Harding Field, La., June 2

A Sensible Article

Dear Sirs: John Cunningham Sparks's article entitled We Must Pay as We Go in *The Nation* for June 6 was the most sensible article on war finance that I have seen anywhere. I hope he will write for you often, and that you will urge his recommendations in your editorials.

GEORGE R. WALKER

Boston, Mass., June 6

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LEIGH WHITE drove an ambulance in Spain during the civil war and acted as a translator for the Loyalist government. After the war he served as foreign correspondent of the Columbia Broadcasting System. While escaping from Yugoslavia into Greece he was seriously wounded in a train that was machine-gunned by Nazi fliers.

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